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NOTES OF THE WEEK

HERR STRESEMANN'S speech in the Reichstag on Monday has been given such contrasting welcomes in London and Paris that it is no longer possible to pretend the agreement reached in Geneva in September on reparations and the Rhineland amounted to much more than agreement on a formula of postponement. Within the next few days the members of the Experts' Committee for the preparation of a plan for the final settlement of the reparation problem will be appointed; various memoranda on the subject have been passing between the governments concerned. The French insistence that the problem must be considered from the point of view of Inter-Allied debts will not easily be reconciled with the German thesis that the only real problem is Germany's capacity to pay, and although M. Poincaré proposes to devote himself entirely to the search for a settlement, it is clear that we are faced with long negotiations between the experts, and later between their respective governments.

Great Britain thus finds herself in a particularly difficult position. Although Mr. Baldwin and other members of the Government have declared

that we favour the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland, seeing that it benefits nobody except those extreme German Nationalists who would like a war of revenge, Lord Cushendun agreed in September that reparations and the Rhineland should be considered as parallel questions, and thereby gave France the opportunity of arguing that one question could not be settled independently of the other. The French Press declares that the Anglo-French *entente* is now much too strong to be shaken by Herr Stresemann's plea for the evacuation of German territory, but there can be no doubt that opinion in this country favours evacuation. The British Government are sympathetic to Herr Stresemann's plea and will do what they can to meet it, but the difficulties are great, for France is at present adamant, and a solitary British withdrawal would do more harm than good.

As understanding of the De-rating Bill increases, so criticism of it declines, if not in vigour at any rate in cogency. There is growing recognition that the Bill, although there may be things to be found against it parochially, is on broad, national lines a sound and effective piece of legislation. Even on local grounds it does not con-

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tain anything very blameworthy if the criticism levelled against it by Mr. Ramsay Muir in a letter contributed to Tuesday's *Manchester Guardian* may be taken as a criterion. This letter was a fine example of the parochial approach. The writer complains that the formula by which future contributions by the Exchequer are to be based on "weighted population" will penalize towns like Rochdale, in which the young population have been too hard hit by bad times to be able to afford to marry and have children! He also complains that whereas some extra allowance is to be made for a high rate of unemployment, none is provided for those towns which, by means of relief works, have kept unemployment within bounds. Is it his contention, then, that areas should be relieved not only for having unemployment, but also for being in the happy position of having none—that the State should pay compensation for prosperity as well as for depression? This is strange theory indeed. The letter contains other petty and inaccurate statements which reveal a startling paucity of constructive criticism. Mr. Ramsay Muir is an able man and a clever dialectician. If there had been a good case to make against the De-rating Bill he could be trusted to have made it. The fact that he is driven to sentimentalism and sophistry for his arguments is a significant indication of the Bill's essential merits.

The result of the general election in Australia is to leave the Government, with the aid of the Country Party, in a smaller but still quite adequate majority. In a House of 75 members a majority of 13 or so is comfortable. In the old Parliament the Nationalists had a majority on their own account over all other parties; in the new, Mr. Bruce will be dependent on the support of the Country Party; but there is nothing in the recent history of their joint relationship to suggest that the association will be less smooth in the future than it has been in the past. The election points no obvious moral, except the questionable one that the recent waterside trouble has not had the harmful effect on Labour's chances that was in some quarters looked for—questionable, because no one can be sure that but for that trouble Labour would not have gained much more. Of far greater importance than the election itself is the issue decided by the Referendum held at the same time. The questions ultimately involved in this issue are complicated, being concerned with a readjustment of existing financial arrangements between Commonwealth and States; but the matter immediately decided is simple, for the Government were not seeking sanction for the changes themselves, but only for the power to make them, which they did not hitherto possess. The whole question of the rights of States in the Federation was at stake, and the sanction that has been given through the Referendum opens the way to a first-class constitutional reform.

Penny postage would not in present circumstances make much appeal to a public composed of rational persons. The Exchequer cannot well afford any, much less a substantial, loss of

revenue; the happiness of very few taxpayers would be enhanced by an increase of correspondence. But the definition of man as a rational animal continues to be premature. The penny postage has a symbolical value. To millions of people it indicates if not prosperity at least normality. It would be more in the tradition of our race if there could be a return to the pre-war taxation and price of beer; that, however, is out of the question. Penny postage, then, is a signal to England that the golden age is returning, and the Government have been rather of a mind to make it. A sacrifice of £5,000,000 and a gain in popularity on the eve of the General Election have been balanced against each other by the more cynical, but the Government have rightly decided not to seek popularity by such means.

Tavistock seems likely to become more than a temporary black spot in the current history of Liberalism. The failure to win the seat at the recent by-election was a sad blow to Liberal hopes of revival; now gossip is busy associating the constituency with fresh evidences of Liberal disunion. Commander Fletcher, the Liberal candidate in the by-election, has declined to contest the seat again—it is said because of party differences; accordingly, Mrs. Runciman, the victor of St. Ives, is to meet the Tavistock Liberal executive with a view to her adoption as candidate at the General Election (her husband is to stand for St. Ives next time). It is notorious that when she was contesting St. Ives Mrs. Runciman refused the oratorical support of the Liberal leader, and it is said that when Mr. Lloyd George was announced to speak at Tavistock her engagement to address a meeting there was cancelled. Liberals set much store by their chances in the West country, but if two of the likeliest divisions in this area are to be contested by candidates who disown the party leadership, their hopes cannot be regarded as very bright. It is not our concern, and we do not greatly care, but it would be interesting on philosophic grounds to learn how these non-conforming candidates think that their attitude is helping the party to which they profess to belong.

The situation created by the lock-out in the German metal industry is growing graver; unemployment is now spreading to coal and other industries affected by the stoppage. The dispute is critical in the history of German industrial relations, for the employers are making it the occasion for a determined attack on the arbitration system by which these relations are governed. Any dispute over wages in Germany is referred by the Ministry of Labour to a neutral arbitrator; if his award is not accepted by one side or the other, the Minister has the power to declare it binding. What happened in this instance was that the award went in favour of the men, but the employers, who appealed to the local labour court, got the award upset on the ground of a technical irregularity in procedure. From this decision the matter has to go before the Reich Labour Court, but while the hearing was pending the employers declared a lock-out. If the

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Reich Labour Court upholds the original award the lock-out will definitely become illegal, and by the terms of the law the employers can be sued for breach of contract and also be held responsible for public damage. In that event they may decide to accept the award or make some other arrangement with their employees. On the other hand, being in determined mood, well-organized, and in possession of a common fighting fund, they may decide to try conclusions with the State. The likelihood is that as the result of such a conflict the compulsory arbitration system in Germany would be strengthened rather than weakened.

The decision of M. Paul-Boncour to cease to represent France at various meetings of the League of Nations will cause no distress in this country. M. Paul-Boncour has for too long had his cake and eaten it. While appearing to represent the international Labour movement, he has defended a policy in France which would have built up a new Chinese wall along Germany's Western frontier. It has become a truism that the reduction of armaments cannot be considered separately from the question of security, but M. Boncour stood so definitely for that conception of security which entails French military hegemony in Europe that he could never be trusted or respected by British delegates to Geneva. Now that he has resigned France will no longer be able to pose in Geneva as the protagonist of disarmament when, in fact, she proposes to have a professional army four times the size of Germany's, quite apart from her immense conscript army and the forces of her Belgian, Polish, Rumanian, Czechoslovak and Jugoslav allies.

On Wednesday last the subscription list for the ninth international loan floated under the auspices of the League of Nations was opened and closed. It is now more than five years since the League's Austrian loan, the first of its kind ever put on the market, met with a sensational success after every previous effort to assist Austria had failed. Since then Greece, Hungary, the Free City of Danzig, Estonia and Bulgaria have received assistance from the League's Financial Committee, a body which is independent both of the borrower and of the lender. Every League loan, we believe, now stands at a premium, and more countries have participated in the present loan, the principal object of which is to enable Bulgaria to stabilize her currency, than in any previous League issue. League enthusiasts are inclined to exaggerate the political influence of the organization they support, but it would be difficult to exaggerate the assistance given by the League to various impoverished European nations in their endeavour to escape from economic and financial chaos.

The new campaign against peccant night clubs cannot simply be regarded through the eyes of Scotland Yard. The police have no more to do than to apply the wise or unwise laws and regulations in force: the public has to consider the nature and cause of the evils, the not very terrify-

ing extent to which they exist, the expediency of a policy of drastic regulation. Those who are prosecuted in the average night club case are not in the same category as habitual criminals; some are scoundrels, a very much larger number are not. Then why are the better of these people found in conflict with laws and regulations? It is wiser to sit down to a study of that question than to rub hands complacently over this new campaign. And there is another question. There has been gross corruption over the dragooning of the night clubs. For example, a sergeant of police is reported to have been found with £12,000 derived whence he apparently cannot explain. The police force is being cleansed, with a good deal less publicity than we could wish. Very well. But who can guarantee that what has bred evil for years past will fail to breed it after the clean-up? After all, the officers replacing the dismissed police cannot have been recruited from a different planet.

We are brought to the question whether the higher ranks of the police should not to a certain extent be recruited directly from candidates of a higher social class and better education who have been spared the temptations to which the constable has been exposed. Not for a moment would we suggest that the door of advancement should be slammed on the men who begin at the bottom. It should always be possible for the constable to rise through every grade to the highest position at Scotland Yard; but we think a proportion of positions half-way up might advantageously be filled by direct recruitment. The private soldier may rise as Sir William Robertson has risen, from private to Field-Marshal, but would anyone officer an army entirely from the ranks up to, say, Brigadier-Generalships? A stiffening of officers appointed from among public school and university men, who could have a period of training in subordinate positions, would probably result in a more efficient and more trustworthy police force. It is plain, at any rate, that something beyond the periodical expulsion of sheep black enough to be detected is needed. To say that the great majority of the police are thoroughly decent men is no answer to criticism. From the nature of its duties the whole force must be put above suspicion.

On Wednesday a King's Bench Divisional Court, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice and two other judges, upheld on appeal the decision of the Sheffield magistrates that newspaper football competitions are illegal. The judgment is an important event in the history of English journalism. Following the decision, it was announced that London newspapers concerned in such competitions had decided to stop them when those already running have been completed. This virtually marks the end of an episode in circulation-getting which, while it has admittedly been successful, has led those engaged in it beyond their original calculations and become something of a tyrant even to the most enterprising. Probably none will so fervently welcome the decision of the High Court as those who are most directly affected by it.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

IT is evident that along present lines there is no chance of an agreement between this country and America on naval disarmament. And yet without an agreement on naval policy the outlook is extremely serious, and the event might be the greatest tragedy in history. A war between the two countries would be nothing less than that, and war—against reason and against nature as it would be—is not an inconceivable outcome of present tendencies. Nations rarely go to war; they drift or slip into it, and the blame for the calamity is oftener to be laid on the indolence of good and well-meaning men than on the villainy of bad men.

It is the avowed policy of this country to reach naval agreement with America, and the complete failure of the two attempts that have been made at Geneva and Paris make it the duty of all who want to help our friendship to cast about for a new and safer approach. If the formula of disarmament by general agreement is too elusive, can we find some common principle between us and America which would make our navies co-operative rather than competitive? In our view that principle is to be found in the Freedom of the Seas, as we shall presently define it. If the Big Navy party gains the upper hand in America we are likely to hear less of this principle, but it is still, as Colonel House's account of the Armistice negotiations shows, a vital and powerful motive of American policy, and there is still a chance of coming to terms with it. Our naval differences with America arise from two facts. First, the internal communications between the parts of our Imperial Commonwealth lie across the high seas, and security for our sea-borne commerce is for us an elementary question of naval police. That makes it difficult for our two countries, so differently circumstanced, to find a common formula in terms of the tonnage and types of ships and the calibres of their guns. Secondly, while we have most to fear from blockade, it is also our only offensive weapon. It is that fact which makes our "navalism" almost as unpopular in America as Continental "militarism" is in this country. Our last war with America, in 1812, arose out of our interpretation of the offensive rights of blockade.

By Freedom of the Seas we understand the abolition of commercial blockade, except in so far as it is sanctioned by an international mandate. Observe before we examine the effects of this freedom on our power of naval offence that the adoption of this principle would completely solve the great problem of our overseas communications. Unless this country had provoked a world coalition against her, as Germany did, it could not be blockaded, and one great object for which we keep up our navy would be secured by an international legal guarantee. The advantage to the British Empire of such a guarantee, if it were efficacious, does not need labouring, and the only doubtful questions are whether it could be obtained and how far it would be effective. Universal acceptance of the new freedom is not to be had, neither is it necessary. It would be sufficient if we and the United States accepted it, for if we two

agreed no blockade of this country would be possible without giving at least equal offence to America, as did our early blockade of Germany, or the German submarine blockade. It is therefore suggested that if we are minded to accept this new principle we should turn first to America and negotiate an agreement limited in the first instance to our two countries. It might take the form of a North Atlantic agreement, under which, within certain geographical limits, we agreed not to interfere with each other's common sea-borne commerce, whether in war or peace, and to regard any interference with the commerce of either Power by any other Power as an unfriendly act. Such an agreement would make our Navy the protector of American commerce in the North Atlantic and the American navy the protector of ours. It would unite us in common opposition to any future submarine campaign in the North Atlantic and it would make the idea of naval rivalry between this country and America all but meaningless. The agreement would become operative at once and have the sanction behind it of the naval force of both countries, but it would be open to other Powers to accede to the agreement and to add other geographical areas to that of the North Atlantic. It would amount to an alliance, but it would not be an entanglement to offend American sentiment, for it would operate only when the common interest of exporter and importer were threatened. It is impossible to exaggerate the immense relief that such an agreement would bring to this country.

On the other hand, our Navy would lose in offensive power, and the blockade of Germany in the late war probably contributed as much to allied victory as all the defeats of her armies in the field. This power is not one to be flung away lightly or in an access of sentiment. But while there were moments in April, 1917, when blockade in the hands of our enemy threatened this country with defeat, one cannot imagine any other conditions than those of the late war in which its exercise could be so favourable to us. Germany has only a short coast-line, with but narrow exits to the open seas; every other European Power has free exit, and whatever danger may have threatened us from submarine blockade in 1917 would be vastly increased in any other war. Again, Germany and her Allies were blockaded by land by her surrounding enemies, and therefore our sea blockade produced its maximum effect. Against any but a central continental power, and in any but a universal war, sea blockade would have very small effect. A blockade of Italian coasts, for example, could be evaded by imports through France and Germany, with which a sea blockade could not interfere, for there would be no thought of rationing French and German imports in war, as we did those of Holland and Denmark, and the doctrine of "continuous voyage" is only applicable when war is all but universal, as in the last war. Except in these conditions the European railway system has made the weapon of sea blockade almost valueless, save against an island country. But if the war were on a universal scale there would be some central authority like the League, in which the conscience of the world resided and which would have the right to sanction the use of blockade against a Power that had been guilty of

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an act of war against the comity of nations. That Power would not be ourselves, unless our whole political mind were to become corrupted; and therefore, in so far as the weapon of sea blockade is valuable for the restraint of wickedness and tyranny, it would still be sharp in the hands of the mandatories of the League. Our conclusion, therefore, is that while the weapon of blockade is a danger to ourselves it has lost all its value in our own hands.

That the United States would welcome our conversion to the doctrine of the freedom of the seas, as we have defined it, we have no doubt, nor yet that it would banish the spectre of naval rivalry, and of the worse plague that it might bring after it. Such a relief would be worth making some sacrifice to attain. But, in fact, we should make no sacrifice but receive the boon of increased security and of relief from a fear which often haunts those who ponder on the might-have-beens of 1917.

THE FUTURE OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY

A FEW days ago it was announced that the Ford motor-car concern is to launch a British company with a capital of seven million pounds. On Wednesday of this week came news of the fusion of the Humber, Commer and Hillman motor companies in this country. The second event is not, of course, comparable in importance to the first, but it does represent a tendency which will have to be increasingly developed if the British motor-car industry is to maintain in coming years its position against foreign competition. The Ford announcement marks the serious re-entry of the Ford concern into the British market, with effects that in time cannot fail to be felt in the home trade. Of recent years it has lost a great deal of its hold in Great Britain by reason of the McKenna duties and the horse-power tax, and the development of British mass-production. The horse-power rating of the new Ford partly overcomes the second disability (is the intensified development of the "baby" car the home companies' answer to this?), while the manufacture of the Ford in England will overcome the first. It is clear, then, that the Ford people mean to make a serious fight for the British motor-car market. Certain British firms have imitated with marked success the mass-production invented by Mr. Ford and have thereby been enabled to meet and beat much of the competition from outside; but despite the flourishing condition of the British industry taken as a whole, by no means all the firms engaged in motor-car manufacture are prosperous. This may be illustrated by the fact that the Humber Company, in announcing their "merger," announce also a trading loss for the year of £36,000.

The new amalgamation is to be effected along lines made familiar under the convenient name of Rationalization, and it is certain that other combines of a like, and even of a considerably more

extended, kind will have to be made in the industry in the course of the next few years. There is nothing in this country comparable with General Motors in the United States, which is the biggest motor-manufacturing combination in the world; it is in this direction that British enterprise will have to move if it is to maintain its hold on the home market and—which is more important—extend its business to markets overseas. In this regard it is interesting to note that the new combine intends to concentrate on outside markets. This is welcome news. One of the effects of the wrong-headed horse-power tax has been to hinder the manufacture of high-power cars suitable for export, with the result that while the motor trade in this country has borne all the appearance of enormous prosperity it has not in point of fact been exploiting its chances overseas to nearly the full extent. Now that the petrol tax has been earmarked for rating relief, the horse-power tax has obviously come to stay; but judicious amalgamations and reorganization should in future enable British firms to fight in international, and particularly in Dominion and Colonial markets, as successfully as they have done at home.

It is of significance to note what has been done since the war in Germany—that whole-hogging exponent of Rationalization—to recondition her motor-car industry by pooling of resources. At the close of the war the German motor trade was in ruin. A duty was imposed on imported cars similar to the McKenna duties here, but a temporary duty on a decreasing scale; and the manufacturers were given to understand that in the period during which the duty was operative they must put their houses in order or go under. Wholesale amalgamations and closing down of unremunerative concerns followed, and to-day the German motor trade is well on its feet in the home market and beginning to enter the international field.

It is a process that, in different ways and to a more limited extent, will be forced on our own manufacturers by the pressure of events. Despite the enormous output and demand already existing in this country there are no signs that the British public has reached anything like the limit to the number of cars it can absorb. It seems much more likely that we are on the verge of an even more intense period of competition. The Ford intrusion is one sign; another is the need for still further price reductions to counterbalance the permanent retention of the horse-power tax, the imposition and possible increase of the petrol tax, and the inducements which will be offered with increasing lure by the awakening railways. These factors will precipitate a new and intensive car-war. Reorganization and amalgamation are the weapons with which the battle will be fought. It is not a process that in our peculiar circumstances can be either suddenly or infinitely extended, but it is already beginning, not only in the motor but in several other industries, where the need of it is much more urgent. English manufacturers are a good deal more independent in these matters than their continental and American competitors, and much less ready to move to new methods: it is one of the legacies of a longer industrial tradition, but it must and will be overcome.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

IN anticipation of a real "tuck in" over the Local Government Bill which is down for second reading next Monday, the House did not linger over the extremely varied "hors d'œuvres" placed before it this week. Thursday began with the ballot for the right to move resolutions on going into Committee of Supply on the Estimates. As the Government appropriated all private members' time until Easter at the very beginning of the session, on the quite reasonable plea that an autumn opening and an approaching dissolution created rather exceptional circumstances, this is the only chance the back bencher will get of initiating discussions. Most members, however, seem more embarrassed than keen when the chance of using their privileges comes to them. The winners of the ballot showed little alacrity in accepting their good fortune. This hesitancy is indeed usual and always gives rise to amusing banter, but the paucity of imagination shown in the choice of subjects does not enhance the value which ought to be attached to private members' rights.

* *

The increase of the borrowing powers of the Unemployment Insurance Fund for which the Government asked on Thursday is a practical reminder of the persistence of the unsatisfactory economic conditions so fully discussed last week. The actual subject of discussion was not, however, the chief pre-occupation of Members, who were only prevented by the rules of order from voicing their anxiety about the effect of the coming into full operation next April of the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1927. As Captain Macmillan pointed out, the real difficulty is the burden on the fund and on industry of the able-bodied unemployed (the 200,000 surplus miners are the outstanding example), who draw benefits to which they are not actuarially entitled. If some special arrangement could be made to deal with these through the Exchequer, relief would be felt both by the contributors to the Insurance Fund and by the payers of Poor Rate. But until this is done there is no alternative to the relaxation of the strict rules of insurance except at the expense of insured persons, employers and ratepayers.

* *

There is a dreary similarity in the discussion of the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, which is introduced annually to prolong the operation of a number of temporary enactments and occupied the House on Friday. Both this and the increasingly insistent calls of the constituencies, as the Election approaches, contributed to the sparse attendance which almost involved the Government in defeat on the question of what is known as the two-shift system in factories. Ribald Opposition laughter greeted the Home Secretary when he foreshadowed the making permanent of the Aliens' Restriction Act as soon as a new Conservative Government assumed office next year. Mr. Lansbury was alarmed lest the traditional right of asylum so long granted by this country to political refugees should be curtailed. The same vein of mild criticism found the Labour Party anxious that Sir Henry Maybury, who has just retired from the Ministry of Transport, should keep himself quite distinct from himself, as although he is taking up private business he will continue to advise on London traffic. The apprehension with which the Socialists regard any tampering with State services by private hands was further exemplified on Monday,

when the Government asked for the extension and overhauling of the Export Credits Guarantee scheme and suggested that this business might eventually be de-nationalized.

* *

Proceedings on Tuesday began with a measure bringing the pensions of diplomats into line with the rest of the Civil Service. This action is simply consequential on the amalgamation of the Foreign Office and Diplomatic Services after the war, but arouses the fiercest passions of the Labour left wing. Old prejudices die hard and there are still people who think of Diplomacy as the gilded refuge of a privileged aristocracy. Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Maxton and their friends thundered their disapproval of anyone receiving salaries, let alone pensions, running into four figures. Nothing that their own leaders could say would appease them. They remained unconvinced even by the argument that it was only by providing generous terms of service that the children of poor parents could take advantage of the system of open competition that now prevails, and to the number of thirty-three they divided the House against their own front bench and the whole of the other parties.

* *

The hunt was now up and a proposal to add two Indian members to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and to create an additional Lord of Appeal afforded an excuse for setting the hounds on Lord Birkenhead. This time, however, the whole Labour pack was running together. Sir Henry Slesser wanted to know whether Lord Birkenhead proposed to draw his pension of £5,000 a year as an ex-Lord Chancellor because, if so, he ought to do his share of the work for which these new judges were required. The Attorney-General replied that Lord Birkenhead had announced his intention of giving up his pension as soon as his emoluments from his new business pursuits allowed, but would draw it during the transitional period; whereupon Mr. Wedgwood Benn, after trying unsuccessfully to find out how long this period would be, sardonically enquired, "Is it till he gets thirty stamps?"

* *

Having approved the new arrangements for the steamer and mail services in the Western Highlands and Islands, which advantage these localities at some additional cost to the taxpayer, the House passed on Wednesday to the far larger question of Imperial Wireless and Cable services. For once the Labour Party were able to organize a demonstration of solidarity, since the issue was the familiar one of State versus private management. Assuming, as seems generally agreed, that wireless and cable communications must be amalgamated, should this be done by the disposal of existing State interests to a private concern as the Government, acting on the advice of the Imperial Conference, propose to do, or by bringing private interests into accepting State control? The Opposition argued should and could be done. Captain Wedgwood Benn and Mr. William Graham, who are always fertile in argument, certainly made the best of their case in favour of what the latter calls Public Corporation, but Sir John Gilmour was explicit in his assurances that the public interest was adequately safeguarded by the establishment of what he termed a Public Utility Company. In the end it seemed that the difference was one of degree rather than one of kind.

FIRST CITIZEN

LATIN-AMERICA TO-DAY

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

THE election of a new Argentine President, Dr. Irogoyen, has had the welcome result of drawing the attention of the British Press to the affairs of Latin-America, while the forthcoming tour of Mr. Hoover, and the announcement that an Anglo-Argentine exhibition is to be held in Buenos Aires, should still further stimulate British interest in the Latin countries of the New World. That vast area which lies between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn has been unduly neglected, save when some political or physical disturbance has forced it upon the public notice, with the result that only those intimately connected with its development realize the remarkable progress which each of the republics has made since the war. For the great mass of the British public Latin-America still remains a *terra incognita* of revolutions and volcanic upheavals.

The revolutionary age is past. The disorders that occurred during the nineteenth century were both exaggerated and misunderstood in Europe: they were but the growing pains of the young nations which had so recently established their independence, and excessive as was the disregard shown for human life in these fratricidal contests, the death-roll in actual fighting during the hundred years that have elapsed since the last Spanish soldier was withdrawn is probably less than in the American Civil War. It is too often forgotten that when Spain colonized America she was not herself a united nation, and the divisions of the Peninsula were not only perpetuated across the Atlantic but were accentuated by geographical and racial influences. When the guiding hand of Madrid was removed the centrifugal forces had full scope, with the result that while the old British colonies in America held together, the Spanish ones fell apart, so that though there is to-day only one United States there are seventeen republics of Spanish or Portuguese descent on the mainland of the continent.

The progress of more than one of the Latin-American states has been retarded by the existence of a constitution which did not correspond with the national requirements. The men who had been foremost in achieving independence could not agree upon the form of government which they wished to set up, and as a compromise between those who, like Bolivar himself, preferred a dictatorship in the form of a republic, and those, among them Sucre and Paez, who inclined to an hereditary monarchy, a constitution on the North American model was generally adopted but was almost invariably worked in a French spirit. The history of the parliamentary system has been chequered enough in Spain, but in her old colonies it has been even more so, and the attempt to sew an American patch with French thread on a Spanish garment was not unnaturally a failure. Just as the British constitution has proved to be by no means always suitable for export, so has that of the United States, and many of the disturbances in Latin-America during last century were due to the attempt to apply foreign principles of government to people to whom they were alien.

To-day power resides, in the majority of the republics, with the President, who is very often a dictator under another name. The Latin-American President, even under the constitution, carries greater personal weight than is usual in a European republic, and he retains many of the attributes of the old viceroys. Nor is this difficult to understand, for in a nation which is developing rapidly and whose population is far from being homogeneous the alternatives are a strong executive or chaos. This has recently been proved, not only in disturbed

Mexico, but in the orderly and progressive Argentine, where during his last term of office Dr. Irogoyen was compelled to use troops to break a strike which had reached the proportions of a revolution. Outside a few of the larger cities politics are, as they were in Spain before the *coup d'état* of General Primo de Rivera, in the hands of a small group of professional politicians who manipulate them in their own interests, and thus democracy becomes a farce. The exercise of personal power by the President is inevitable, and were it not for men like Gomez in Venezuela, Ibañez in Chile, and Leguia in Peru, the progress of the past few years would have been impossible. Fortunately for the Spanish race the crisis always produces the man, both in the New World and in the Old.

In short, the republics are at last becoming nations, and are in a fair way to fulfil Canning's famous prophecy. If last century was a period of adjustment and consolidation the present is one of progress, and he would be a bold seer who would foretell the power and resources of the Argentine and Brazil in another fifty years' time. It is a moot point whether all the existing frontiers will be maintained, and as the means of communication improve it may be that some of the larger states will absorb their smaller neighbours. The nations of Latin-America have reached manhood, and they are rapidly developing a civilization of their own; in the future they will play as important a part in the history of the world as the great states of Europe have done in the past.

There is no more common mistake made about Latin-America than to imagine that it has no culture of its own. The name of Dario, one of the greatest poets that either the Anglo-Saxon or the Latin portion of America has yet produced, is unknown outside the narrow circle of students of modern Spanish literature, while the numerous Argentine writers and that fine culture which has its home in Colombia are ignored on this side of the Atlantic. The reason for this ignorance and neglect probably lies in the fact that Latin-America is too often regarded merely as a market, and the inhabitants as potential consumers of British products rather than as peoples who are building up a civilization of their own. The direct influence of France and the United States is passing, while that of both Italy and Spain has increased, but in every department of life the tendency is to assimilate rather than to adopt foreign ideas, particularly since the accession of wealth and prosperity brought by the war.

On the part of Great Britain there can be no other feeling than one of complete satisfaction at the progress which is being made by countries over whose birth as independent nations she presided. In some of the republics there is temporarily not so much scope for British products as there was formerly, and a good deal has been heard of the diminished export of cotton goods to Ecuador owing to local production of the manufactured article. On the other hand, rapid as the development has recently been in every one of the republics, what has been accomplished is nothing compared with what still remains to be done. When the water power which is now running to waste down a thousand rivers has been harnessed for irrigation and industrial purposes, there will be opportunities for British brains and capital greater than has been deemed possible, and what has been lost on the swings of increased local manufacture will be more than gained on the roundabouts of further development. Even now some thousand million pounds of British money are sunk in Latin-America, and the recent over-subscription of the Peruvian issue shows that the ordinary investor is fully alive to his opportunities.

The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan said that it always pays to be a "bull" on the Latin-American market;

so shrewd a man of affairs is rarely wrong. At long last, the republics of Latin-America are taking their rightful place in the comity of nations, and the day is probably not far distant when one or two of them will rank among the world's great powers.

PANEL DOCTORING

THE panel doctor rarely hears much good of himself. In newspapers and in general conversation, his technical incompetence is assumed and his negligence taken for granted. When we recall the sentimental esteem in which the "family doctor" was generally held until, with the passing of the Insurance Act, his name was changed, we can but wonder what has happened so rapidly and completely to alter his status and reputation. Has the panel system reversed the doctor's attitude to his patients; or has it but provided critics with opportunities and excuses which the circumstances of private practice did not afford them?

The actual skill and knowledge of the doctor can hardly have been lessened by a mere change in the method of his payment. If, in the mass, panel doctors are incompetent, then "family doctors" were and are incompetent. The truth, of course, is that there are, and always were, good and bad doctors, as there are good and bad technicians in every walk of life. The panel system has but afforded means whereby incompetence and negligence, which formerly would have lain hid in the tiny world of their manifestations, are brought to light. Competent and conscientious doctors render good service to their patients under any system. Ignorant and negligent doctors, acting on the Cad's Code, "Give as little as you can, and get as much as you can"—*ignoblesse oblige*—do poor work under any system; but their power for ill varies inversely with the intensity of the light of publicity which is thrown on them. Those who have enquired into the matter are agreed that working people, on the whole, get very much better treatment as panel patients than they got before the Insurance Act came into operation. Now that doctors can, on the complaint of any road-sweeper or charwoman, be haled before a tribunal largely composed of laymen, much of the artificial dignity of the medical profession naturally vanishes; but the social gain easily outweighs this drop in the fictitious status of a section. The more nearly doctors—like other artists and craftsmen—are known and judged by their works, the better. In any event, it is, to a doctor with any ethical or æsthetic sensitiveness, less humiliating automatically to receive quarterly cheques from his Insurance Committee, and be left free disinterestedly to ply his craft, than to be driven to squeeze blood-money out of the sick poor for every visit paid and every piece of advice doled out.

The unfortunate thing about panel doctoring is not that it lowers the quality of the general medical practice already current, but that it fixes and standardizes its weakest features. In a letter to *The Times* of January 3, 1912, Sir Clifford Allbut wrote:

In his Insurance Bill, the Chancellor was content with an antiquated notion of medicine and of medical service; he took for granted, without enquiry, a notion, built of some vague knowledge of village clubs and of the old-fashioned *made mecum* way of doctoring. This is, "For such and such a disease, such and such a drug; take the mixture, drink it regularly, and get well if Nature will let you."

When Cabinet Ministers regularize and support the ancient superstitions of the ignorant, the task of the reformer becomes more than ever difficult. The desire to take medicine is, perhaps, the feature which most clearly distinguishes man from the rest of animate creation. Few, indeed, would be the patients left to the practitioner in an industrial district who,

while other more pliant doctors were available, prescribed drugs only when he thought them necessary. It is estimated that insured persons in this country swallow, every year, over two-and-a-half million gallons of medicine; of which it is safe to say that three-fourths is not only therapeutically valueless but is known to be valueless by the doctors who have been almost compelled to prescribe it.

In the past, the practice of medicine, behind all its ceremonies and ritualistic pretences, has been far more concerned with the drawing out of the patient's self-healing faith and hope than with the application of anything that could be called technical skill. When the sciences dealing with the human body and its functions were both ill-defined and hidden from the commonalty this was well enough. But Wycliffes and Tyndales innumerable have translated the records of medical tradition into the vulgar tongue, and a fundamental change in the relation between doctor and patient is in process. With medicine and surgery basing themselves more and more firmly on science, the priestly element in doctoring is becoming less valuable and less desirable. Within quite a few years, medicine, as it was practised even twenty years ago, will be as dead as the dodo.

The panel system is, in fact, open to criticism, not because of the incompetence of its medical staff—quite four-fifths of all the panel doctors in practice are adequately competent and reasonably conscientious—but because of its official involvements and limitations. It is generally recognized that, for public, no less than for individual, reasons, it is expedient to make existing medical knowledge and skill available to every man, woman and child in this country, according to their several needs. As between doctor and patient, at all events, the communist ideal holds. In the national organization of such a service, the panel system—combining, as it does, that voluntary relation between doctor and patient which is, perhaps, the most valuable feature of private practice, with the financial virtues of a State salaried system—has an essential and dignified part to play. The true function of the general practitioner, whether working under the panel system or any other, is to sort out the sick from the hale; to recognize when treatment is called for, and to decide as to the nature of that treatment. It should be part of his province actually to treat those whose illness calls for no particular technique or specialist skill; and to direct to the appropriate quarters those needing institutional, surgical or specialist treatment beyond the ordinary doctor's range. It will be seen that the real work of the general practitioner, competently executed, calls for judgment and skill of the highest. At present, the panel doctor is cramped in a dozen ways. No provision is made for affording to his patients such treatment, beyond the scope of his own technique, appliances and time, as he knows is called for. His anxiety to do his best for his patients is constantly tempered by his scepticism as to the genuineness of symptoms in respect of which he has been asked to certify. No liaison exists between him and the authorities concerned with those environmental conditions on which so large a part of the ill-health of his patients depends.

Lastly, his civic sense is stifled by the ridiculous limitation of the panel system to certain members of each working-class family; so that four or five doctors, working under as many systems and under the direction of as many authorities, may actually, at one and the same time, in complete dissociation, be attending various occupants of a single tenement. It is the lack of completeness in the various sectional medical services now in operation, and the almost entire lack of co-ordination between them, rather than the inherent faults of any one service, that should be blamed for the wicked waste of hygienic knowledge and therapeutic skill that obtains to-day.

QUAERO

THE CENSOR IN IRELAND

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Dublin, November 20, 1928

OUR Literary Censorship Bill added interest to the recent meetings of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. All the speakers made it clear that Southern Ireland should henceforth be regarded as a Catholic nation, and, in regard to the State, that it must accept the Church as the Church defines herself. The State is not divine; for all power is from God, and civil sovereignty is, through the natural law, directly received from God by the people, and thence entrusted to the rulers of the State by the ordinary methods sanctioned by custom. Nor is the State a mere policeman, with activities confined to the protection of life and property; it must concern itself with the moral condition of its citizens. Since the Church is supreme in moral questions, the corollary is that in legislation touching on morals the State will act as the secular arm of the Church. Censorship of the stage, literature and the Press, will, for instance, be based on Catholic principles.

One speaker observed that the notion of the sacred character of civil law and even of penal legislation is likely to give a "mental jolt" to many Irish Catholics. It is, indeed. Our Protestants and non-Catholics in Southern Ireland will, on the other hand, not greatly object to a Catholic State if it concurs with growth of respect for life and property on the part of Irishmen generally. It was, indeed, on this very ground—the duty of allegiance to the civil power—that the Protestant and non-Catholic minority of the Free State, formerly Unionist, addressed themselves some years ago to the difficult task of loyally accepting the new order. Other speeches at the Congress, however, dwelt on the persecutions endured by Irish Catholicism in the past, and of the need, now that the opportunity has come, of an attack on the culture of the "old Ascendancy gang" and its replacement by a Catholic Gaelic culture. This is dangerous language. If the "Gael," divided since the Treaty into Free Staters and Republicans, were to find in a forward Catholic movement occasion for reconciliation, it would bode ill for our minorities. Abstractly, the culture of this country should be a Catholic one; but it is a strange illusion that culture of any kind can be created by political combinations and legislative measures. No doubt something could be done to suppress such culture as actually exists in the Free State. Speakers at the Congress made it clear that they regarded most of the writers of the modern literary movement in Ireland, Mr. Yeats, A. E., Synge and the rest, as products of the culture of the old Ascendancy gang. As for Burke, Goldsmith, Swift, "Gaelic Catholicism" has long ago deleted their names from Irish history.

In the Dail the Censorship Bill passed its second reading without a division; but no party spokesmen indulged the theories of the Catholic Truth Society. It is evident that our politicians are not at all anxious to raise the religious question in connexion with the Censorship. Mr. De Valera, for the Republicans, insisted particularly on the need for allaying Protestant fears. He will not vote for the third reading unless radical alterations are made in the Bill. Mr. Hogan, Minister for Agriculture, jibed at our current cant and shibboleths, observing that Tom Murphy does not read Balzac, but reads things—emanating from native sources—that have done more harm in the last few years in Ireland than could be done by all the pornographic literature of France in a hundred years. On the other hand, the Minister of Justice, sponsor of the Bill, claimed that its wording need cause no alarm to any except the purveyors of "indecent literature"; he did not consent, however, to change his famous definition of indecency under which

the greatest masterpieces of the world's literature may be excluded from Ireland. The Bill is clearly the product of the Puritanism which has been for so long grafted on Irish Catholic life, and which is a greater obstacle to the growth of a Catholic culture here than the English language of any "Ascendancy gang." One recalls that an Irish Archbishop, exiled on the Continent in Queen Elizabeth's time, one of the early re-discoverers of St. Augustine, was a Jansenist before Jansen! Some Irish Catholics—not of those who frequent the Catholic Truth Society, however—have discovered a taint of the Manichean heresy in the Bill. The notion of purity in it is entirely negative. "If we go back to those first ages of Christianity which modern good people, who know nothing about them, regard with such reverence—we shall find that the greatest and purest of the fathers of the Church were in the practice of addressing their flocks with an outspokenness which is not surpassed by the ancient expounders of the Eleusinian and Bacchic mysteries. . . ." The quotation is from an English Catholic, Coventry Patmore.

Our forthcoming Senate Election will be of some significance. Not that this Upper House has large powers; but its composition has hitherto compared favourably with that of the Dail, in respect of colour, dignity and historical association. The Senate, as nominated by Mr. Cosgrave six years ago, included Irishmen important in affairs other than political, and was sprinkled too with great Irish and Anglo-Irish names, reminiscent of Grattan's eighteenth-century Parliament; the purpose of the body was to provide representation to the national life in its more general aspects and to honour men of special qualifications and useful public service. The nominated members now retiring, according to plan, present themselves to a vote of the two Houses for re-election. It appears that the vote is to be a party one; a system, one fears, which will mean the gradual disappearance from the Senate of its independent elements, and its identification with popular politics. The Government party has put General Sir Bryan Mahon, the commander of the 10th Division in Gallipoli, on its panel, and has also extended an unofficial ticket to two ex-Unionists among the retiring Senators. But the claims of men unknown except for purely party services are naturally very numerous. Of Mr. De Valera's candidates, two are widely known—they were guerilla chiefs in the Civil War. The Republican attitude towards the Second Chamber is quite frankly expressed, if not altogether logical. The Senate is undemocratic and non-Gaelic, and will, therefore, be abolished altogether when the Republicans come into power. In the meantime, however, Mr. De Valera will do his best to make the Senate Gaelic and democratic; if he succeeds, he will have given this body an excuse to continue its existence.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, November 19, 1928

THE Exhibition of College Plate at the Ashmolean is apparently a success. To entice so much of North Oxford into so little space is a triumph for the organizers, and if the throng in those two close, cramped galleries caused as much difficulty in catching a glimpse of the exhibits as the chronological numbering system caused in locating them, we must make allowances for the limitations under which the work had to be done. After the intelligent comments have all been achieved, possibly some small impetus may be left over to rescue and

encourage the handful of living silversmiths whose excellent work is reached only at the limit of our endurance along the far end of the second room. It is significant that while almost all the old plate is lent by the various colleges, only one of the thirty modern pieces falls in the same category, the bulk being contributed by the livery companies and a few private persons. Without any special knowledge of the subject it is hard to avoid the impression that the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths (which is responsible for the exhibition) wishes to bring home to Oxford the extent to which her long and generous patronage of the silversmith has lately fallen off. The more ancient treasures the colleges show, the more they convict themselves for their dearth of modern ones, and it is to be hoped that pious founders and others will take to heart the lesson which seems intended for their particular benefit.

The reason why so much that is worth seeing was crammed into about a sixth of the space it really needed is worth going into, for it is characteristic of modern Oxford. It was not any parsimony of the organizers, who, on the whole, have carried out their work as well as circumstances allowed. But the Ashmolean, like all our local institutions, is hopelessly overcrowded. It shares a plot of ground at the corner of Beaumont Street and St. Giles' with the Taylorian Institution. Although both are in a thoroughly congested state they were going along quite happily until an attempt was lately made to provide the Taylorian with an endowment for its extension. At this the Ashmolean was naturally up in arms, regarding itself as having a prior claim on the very limited space available, and Congregation, with its usual foresight, decided in favour of the *status quo*. But now Dr. Wright, who had offered £10,000 for the expansion scheme, has circulated an open letter to the Vice-Chancellor, in which he shows that about £15,000 already collected for the same object will have to be refunded to the donors if the University declines to let it be used for the purpose for which it was subscribed. It is most disheartening to find that in this case there is no possible way of letting sleeping dogs lie, particularly after the Bodleian question had resulted in such a triumph for that traditional local solution, and there is a proposal on foot that this restive and ill-conditioned hound should be dismembered among the richer colleges, in order to teach it a lesson. It is almost as much a foregone conclusion that Congregation will in any such matter cling to the *status quo* as that the City Council will cling to the interests of the ratepayers in the very narrowest sense.

In choosing 'Othello' as their winter play the O.U.D.S. have returned to the paths of tradition, after their somewhat daring breakaway last season. They are wise to return, for even they are under the necessity of making both ends meet, and 'The Fourteenth of July' was too original in form and production, and too weak as a play pure and simple, to appeal to an audience incapable of judging by any but conventional standards. Yet in one respect they are innovators this year, for the producer is an undergraduate—an American Rhodes Scholar who has learnt his job in New York.

This term has seen the disappearance, at least for a time, of the most spasmodic of the University papers, but its place has been taken by a new venture which seems to be superior only in the amount of capital behind it. The congenital inanity of undergraduate journalism at Oxford stands out all the more prominently by contrast with the admirable magazine of the women's colleges, the *Fritillary*, which has just made one of its rare appearances, with some good pieces of work, and one which is really impressive. Either the undergraduate puts up a better resistance to the convention of clever-

ness, and is better able to outgrow the school magazine, or (a more likely explanation) she is on an average about five years older intellectually than the undergraduate who comes up at the same time. But to judge simply by the peculiar brand of humour affected, more or less, by all three of the male journals, would be unfair. That there is a sincere attempt being made towards something more worth while is obvious, for example, from the recently issued 'Oxford Poetry, 1928,' with its touching 'Plea for Better Criticism,' which neatly transfers to the reviewers' shoulders the responsibility for any faults that may be found in it.

Much else must be allowed, at least for the moment, to escape comment. Thus Trinity has a new library, Corpus a new bathroom, Magdalen a new President, and the Rhodes Trust a new headquarters, which seems to have been designed on the same eclectic principles as the Rhodes building of Oriel, incorporating the best features of several totally irreconcilable plans. Friday's gale brought down nineteen of the trees in Christ Church Meadow, and the New Walk from Meadow Building to the Barges is particularly desolated. But no matter how tempests may blast the beauties of Oxford we have always this consolation—that those in whose keeping Oxford lies have their foundations on rock, and are impervious to all weathers.

MAN UNDERGROUND

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

WHAT is it makes people grumble about the crowded Tubes and swear they will never travel underground again if they can help it? Most of them seem to imagine it is ordinary discomfort, but I fancy it is really a sense of indignity. After all, to be compelled to stand ten minutes or so is no great hardship to most of us, especially when we know that we are being hurled towards our destinations at a tremendous speed. The indignity of these rush hours, however, is undoubtedly unpleasant. Human beings, yourself included, are suddenly turned into parcels. Labels are pushed into their hands; trains are promptly loaded with them to the full capacity; doors are opened and shut to admit them; they are hustled out, shot up in lifts, and only then, when the sweet cold rush of real air comes to meet them, are they allowed to turn back into ordinary men and women. I seem to remember that some years ago shouting machines were employed at several of the busier Tube stations. "Now pass along, please," these monsters roared, and there was a suggestion that if you did not pass along they would eat you. The mechanical voices are there no longer, but during the rush hours the attendants themselves are not unlike those machines and clearly regard us as so much material for transport, moving parcels of an awkward size and shape. It is only when things are quiet that the attendants share our common humanity and are seen as fellows who are interested in the result of the 3.30 and have an eye for a pretty girl.

Nevertheless, it is when the Tubes are quietest that they are queerest. The sense of indignity, the parcel feeling, during the rush hours is only slight, fleeting; and the jam of humanity prevents you from noticing what is really happening. When there is hardly anybody about, however,

you cannot help thinking how queer it all is. A lady of my acquaintance will not alight at any Tube station by herself; if there is nobody else getting off the train, she goes on to another station; and she does this not because she imagines she would run the risk—we will say—of being attacked by a ruffian lurking in the shadows of the corridor on the way to the lift, but simply because the thought of being alone in these underground passages terrifies her. I have no such feeling myself; and, indeed, I find a certain pleasure in these mysterious tiled corridors when they are deserted. If I was not in a hurry to get anywhere, I should like them to go on and on, to see them stretching before me, dwindling to pin points of light.

The other day I went by the Hampstead Tube to Tottenham Court Road and changed there for Oxford Circus, and it happened that there were very few people about, so that I was able for once to think about my surroundings. At Tottenham Court Road I was carried up an escalator, went along a passage and down some steps, found another train that shot me into Oxford Circus station, and there, after more corridors, I mounted an escalator so long and high that it might have been Jacob's Ladder itself. It was while I was being carried obliquely upward by this astonishing thing that I suddenly thought, I am a creature who is carried about in this fashion. There I was: I had said goodbye to daylight on the summit of Hampstead, had stepped into a little box that had rushed me down a shaft to some passages and a platform somewhere in the middle of the hill, had boarded a vehicle, a thing as terrifying as a thunderbolt, that had hurtled me under half London, and after that I had been going up and down moving staircases. I remembered that years ago I had read a fantastic story by Bulwer Lytton called 'The Coming Race,' but that nothing in that story was as fantastic as this journey from Hampstead to Oxford Circus. I wondered what Lamb or Hazlitt would have said if they had had a vision of these lifts, tiled corridors, thunderbolt trains, and staircases for ever moving up and down. They were wise men, but I swear they would have shuddered and cried: "If this is what will happen, thank God we have not many years to live and will be dead long before life becomes so inhuman." They would see us as people living in a nightmare of machinery, creatures as cold, strange, and remote as beings from the Moon. They would be astounded beyond measure to learn that their own works were still being read and admired—never so often read and never so widely admired—by these same queer beings. In short, they would feel what most of us have felt when we have read stories about the future, 'When the Sleeper Awakes' and the like. And I saw that what was wrong with such stories was that the sleepers never wakened properly, that they showed us a nightmare-ish life because they were still half in a dream.

The mistake, of course, is to deduce the inner from the outer facts of life, to imagine that the mere mechanics give the key to everything, to forget that the solid human core of thought and feeling remains. What was I doing—this man of buried tubes and moving stairways? Was I

on my way to prostrate myself before some giant flywheel or piston and perhaps sacrifice a child or two to it, to take part in some awful rites suitable to such a being? That is what some horrified observer from the past might well have supposed. But you and I know very well that I was about to do nothing of the kind. As a matter of fact, your Lamb and Hazlitt would have been the first to appreciate the object I had in undertaking this nightmare journey, for I was simply on my way to do what they themselves had done hundreds of times, to see some friends and then enjoy myself in a cheerful playhouse. And the others, moving up and down those escalators, they too were on their way to look at hats and gowns, to be examined by the doctor, to try to sell 350 gross of what-nots at 35s. the gross, to listen to music, to meet their lovers. They were being haled up and down those escalators by motives that were hardly different from those in operation when Cæsar landed in this island.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by vivid and fantastic presentations of life in the future. Their showmen are always people who either have a passion for machines and contrivances or a horror and detestation of them, and whether they have one or the other, the result is ever the same, they exaggerate the importance of such convenient devices, turn servants into masters, forget to humanize these things, and so completely falsify life. In fifty or a hundred years' time it is quite possible that people will spend most of their hours either up in the air or deep under the earth, and the thought of such an existence strikes us at first as being horrible, inhuman, unless of course we happen to have that type of mind that puts "gadgets" before anything else. But having made my way from Hampstead to Oxford Circus underground and shed no humanity *en route*, I refuse to be alarmed about the future. The real things will be going on just the same—as we realize at once when we make an imaginative effort and humanize everything—and on the whole life will probably be a shade pleasanter, for these contrivances have a trick of enlarging a man's freedom, enabling him to see more friends and hear more symphonies than he could before.

Yes, and I will go further and—at the risk of being considered hopelessly out of the movement—I will say that there is such a thing as progress and that it is still happening. I am not forgetting the war and I am also not forgetting (as so many people do) the literature that has come out of the war; history shows us innumerable great wars but never before has it shown us such literature of war, fierce and uncompromising in its detestation of the event and its pity for the victims. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves when, because Macaulay's millennium has not arrived, we throw up our hands and admit universal defeat. I am tired of hearing people say that all is lost. And these are not shivering outcasts, mumbling crusts, but well-nurtured, cultivated persons who have delicate dinners served up to them every night and can savour new pessimistic works under shaded lights in quiet cushioned rooms. I am tired of hearing our clever young men and girls say they would rather be living in the eighteenth century. Like children, they imagine they would all have been

fine ladies and gentlemen, Horace Walpoles and the like. It is more likely they would have been Spitalfields weavers, grenadiers with the lash waiting for them, footmen and maids sleeping in dark holes, ragged and starved ushers, some of Squire Western's oafs and slatterns. A day of what was ordinary life to the average man or woman in the eighteenth century would probably reduce them to screaming imbecility. No, we move on, in spite of all our stupid people—and our clever people.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS (AND PAPERS?)

SIR,—I hope that your readers may be interested to see the draft of a Bill which I have prepared to deal with a social evil much more important than the corrupting novel. I know of one or two Members of the House of Commons who would be delighted to present it to Parliament: and if there is any more talk (sincere or sensational) about the censorship of books, I shall certainly ask them to do so. It would be very easy to work up a national campaign on this subject, which would make Mr. James Douglas regret that he started the Puritanical hare. The Sunday Observance Act (under which nothing but dressed meat, etc., may be exposed for sale on Sunday) is just as good law as the Obscene Publications Act. But I venture to think that the enclosed Bill would be better law than either of them.

I am, etc.,

Hammersmith, W.6

A. P. HERBERT

(DRAFT)

A BILL TO PROVIDE FOR THE BETTER OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY

Whereas it is expedient for the maintenance of religion and good behaviour that nothing mean, vulgar or injurious should occupy the public mind upon the Lord's Day, and whereas certain newspapers and periodicals are published, sold and distributed on that day contrary to the provisions of the Lord's Day Observance Act, 1677, and succeeding Acts: and whereas certain of the said newspapers have become a scandal and offence to public morals by diverting the minds of the people from the meditations and devotions proper to the Lord's Day, and by publishing on that day reports of crimes and carnal offences, by which reports for their private ends they spread abroad an unseemly and corrupting interest in such offences, and by accounts of horse-races, billiard-matches and theatrical performances, the idle pleasures of the rich and other vain and worldly affairs, and by offering advice upon the investment of money, by calling attention to obscene books and publications for the purposes of gain, by offers of money-prizes which are a disturbance to godly life, discourage industry and thrift, and foster an excessive desire for riches, and by aids and incitements to gamble and bet contrary to the intention of the Statutes in that case made and provided; and whereas the said newspapers by dwelling unduly on material rewards beget false and vulgar standards of appreciation in matters of art literature and the like and so do harm to public education; and whereas by their capricious dealing in affairs of State, seeking rather to excite the citizens than to instruct them and assail-

ing the King's Ministers without good cause, honestly believed in, they do injury to the realm; and whereas it is expedient that for one day in the week the minds of the citizens should be relieved from the burden of worldly intelligence, except such as may be of an improving nature, so that they may more readily approach the things of the spirit:

Be it therefore enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. No newspaper or periodical shall be published, sold or distributed between the hours of 10 p.m. on Saturday and 10 p.m. on Sunday, except as hereinafter provided.

2. (1) The President of the Board of Education may by licence upon application authorize the publication, sale or distribution of any newspaper or periodical within the hours specified in Section 1, provided that, having regard to the matters mentioned in the preamble of this Act, he shall be satisfied that such newspaper or periodical

(a) is written and conducted with sobriety and sincerity for the public good and consists of matter proper to be read and discussed on the Lord's Day, and in so far as it treats of worldly affairs approaches the same in a dignified and reticent manner such as befits a good citizen,

(b) contains no matter likely to be harmful to the minds or morals of the people or to beget or encourage idle, profligate, corrupt or mercenary habits of thought or conduct among children and young persons,

(c) offers no money rewards or prizes to its readers, whether by way of insurance or otherwise, and contains no aids or incitements to gamble or bet, whether upon stocks and shares or sporting events,

(d) does not unduly call attention to crimes of violence or offences against good morals and the law.

(2) Subject to the provision of Section 3 of this Act such authorization shall be good for one year, but it may be renewed.

3. (1) If the publication of any newspaper shall have been authorized by licence as provided in Section 2 of this Act, and it shall afterwards appear to the President of the Board of Education that such newspaper or periodical is being conducted in a manner contrary to the provisions of Section 2, Sub-section 1 (a) to (d) he shall forthwith prohibit the publication, sale and distribution of such newspaper or periodical.

(2) Any person may lay an information before a magistrate complaining that any newspaper or periodical licensed under this Act ought to be prohibited under Sub-section 1 of this Section: and if it shall appear to the magistrate that such information and complaint is *prima facie* justified he shall call upon the proprietor, publisher and editor of such newspaper to show cause why it should not be prohibited; and if cause be not shown to the satisfaction of the magistrate he shall report to the President of the Board of Education accordingly.

4. The penalty for publishing, selling or distributing any newspaper or periodical contrary to the provisions of this Act shall be a fine of five shillings for every copy of every newspaper or periodical so published, sold or distributed.

5. This Act may be cited as the Sunday Papers Act, 1928.

D.O.R.A. AND PERSONAL FREEDOM

SIR,—That (to quote the SATURDAY REVIEW) "prolific mother of crimes, D.O.R.A." is responsible for the weakening of the average man's respect of the law to-day. The multiplicity of silly futile regulations

and restrictions which make penal offences of nothings; the time-wasting caused by the traffic by-laws; the exasperation entailed by the Ministry of Food (Continuance) Act, which has entrenched the D.O.R.A. regulations in our lives, and the Licensing Act, 1921, which cripples the trade, all combine to bring the law into disrepute. We are, as a nation, antagonistic to laws that restrict the liberties of the subject in personal matters. We rely on our own decency and self-respect to guide us. Nations were never made moral by law. Many of our politicians allow the cranks to run them. The man-in-the-street must depend on the Press to help him in this struggle for our rightful heritage, personal liberty.

I am, etc.,

HELENA THOMAS

Westgate, Sudbury, Middlesex

THE ABBE LISZT

SIR,—Owing to absence from home, I have only lately seen your paper of October 27, with an article on Liszt. I cannot agree with the writer that this great artist's "melodic invention was poor." You will find in his correspondence with Wagner that the latter informs him quite frankly that he has taken as "leit motif" for his opera one of Liszt's melodies. It is, therefore, a recognized fact to which the author of your article alludes when he says: "Wagner in his dotage sought a theme to express a sensual religious devotion." Surely Wagner was not in his dotage when he wrote Parsifal; nor is it fair to dub Liszt as merely a sensualist in music. One must remember that his first musical impressions were derived from the Tziganes, whose music he heard when a small boy. It might be worth the while of the writer of your article to read the excellent life of Liszt by Count Pourtalis.

I am, etc.,

TINA WHITAKER

Villa Malfitano, Palermo

JUSTICE TO ANIMALS

SIR,—With few notable exceptions the attitude of politicians towards animal suffering has been contemptible, and to their selfish acquiescence and indifference may be attributed the progress of that disgraceful traffic known as the export of worn-out horses. The fact that this cruel trade is countenanced by reason of a few wretched pounds gained at the expense of the faithful creatures who have given their lives to our service seems to me to aggravate the offence.

However, it is to be hoped that all voters who have the welfare of the dumb creation at heart will bear this matter in mind at the General Election, and will refuse to support candidates who regard the plea for justice to animals as mere "sickly sentiment," and who, moreover, are content without protest to see those noble, long-suffering and defenceless creatures so cruelly wronged.

I am, etc.,

EDWIN M. BEEDELL

Wanstead, Pembroke Avenue, Hove

THE IDEAL PEACE POEM

SIR,—I notice that "Stet." remarks, in the SATURDAY REVIEW of November 10, that the ideal peace poem has yet to be written. May I suggest that Mr. Godfrey Elton in 'Schoolboys and Exiles' and 'Years of Peace' has more completely expressed the sentiments of the people of England with regard to war and peace than any other living poet, always excepting Mr. A. E. Housman?

I am, etc.,

C. T. R. BUCKLEY

Durnford, Langton-Matravers, Dorset

THE THEATRE

CAPITAL AND COUNTIES

BY IVOR BROWN

Clara Gibbings. By Philip and Aimée Stuart. The Vaudeville.
The Runaways. By Eden Phillpotts. The Garrick Theatre.
Funny Face. Musical Comedy. The Prince's Theatre.

MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ comes back to the stage and none could be more welcome. Nobody can be a great comedienne on the halls and in revues without being also a great actress. Since musical pieces are levelled at larger and noisier audiences than "straight" plays, the mime who is to propel the humour must have an immediate attack and infinite power to reinforce himself and hold all the positions occupied. Suppose that the "hoofers" and a massed chorus have just been beating some tumultuous tattoo and that they have been most tyrannically clapped for this tempest, how is the single and solitary comedian to follow such a co-operative storm? The answer is perfectly simple to state and not at all simple to supply. It is personality (invention, you may call it, if you think more of what is done than of the doer), but with the personality there must be that technical knowledge which knows how to make a nod the signal of command and can turn a wink and a whisper into the infallible missiles of long-distance gunnery.

Miss Lorainé's appearance as Clara Gibbings is a liberal education in that kind of efficiency. She is true to Mr. Malcolm Scott's old title, 'The Woman Who Knows.' She never overdoes the breezy vulgarity of the barmaid invading Debrett, yet she scores every conceivable point in a well-written part because she can make every expression and intonation carry. Play-acting, after all, has much in common with playing games; the longer driver is often the smaller man who defeats the lunge of muscle by the flick of the wrist; he is economically vehement, wastes no violence on empty air or mistimed shot, and puts the sting into his swing at exactly the right fraction of a second. Miss Lorainé might easily "press" with her part; instead she sweeps it easily along and never squanders a single line by being previous with her force or unpunctual with her stressing of the joke. The play, of course, is built round her part (it would be insufferable if it were not), but that does not diminish one's admiration of the sheer professional adroitness with which Miss Lorainé gives freshness to this three-act feuilleton.

Clara, the unacknowledged daughter of the once bigamous Earl of Drumoor, leaves her work on the sober side of the bar and comes up from the East End to St. James's Street without mercenary intention, but mainly, it seems, because of a meritorious affection for abstract justice. She would like to win reparations for her mother, once deserted and now dead; also she would like to get the feeling of a title, as it were of a new hat. There are some minor misunderstandings; the bad lad of the stiff and starched Drumoors exhibits a tendency to scoutly behaviour in the best melodramatic manner and almost gives up a morning's cricket in order to help his family out of a mess; meanwhile his elegant mistress, a gossip-writer's pet called Yolande Probyn, develops acute symptoms of moral regeneration and a super-scoutly passion for good turns; she plaintively announces that all those now between the age of thirty and forty have had a rotten time anyway and had better settle down to performing little deeds of kindness to the very old and the very young. Occasional attention at the street gatherings of the Salvation Army has persuaded me that earth holds no bore like a converted sinner and Mrs. Probyn, despite some admirable acting by Miss Muriel Alexander, could only con-

firm that melancholy conviction. But it all made more pleasant the company of Miss Gibbings, who, as a self-respecting worker in the catering trade, was very properly outraged by the idleness and immorality of the glum Drummoors, whose notion of the good life was to sit in solemn silence in the mansion at St. Albans, and take no more exercise than a daily tour of the cupboards to see that the family skeletons were all duly under lock and key.

As the sensible saloon-bar toiler, who has been robbed of a title by the crafty Drumoor and is pained to discover that the ethics of that noble clan show up very poorly in comparison with those of the Kempton Park community, Miss Gibbings is able to hurl ample pieces of her mind at the peers, peris and panelled opulence of St. James's Street and it is much to the credit of the authors that they can remind us of the essential vigour of the English vernacular. On the London stage of to-day language so often seems only to be alive when Americans speak it. We have our current modes of slang; there are Mr. A. P. Herbert's admirable essays in Topsy-talk, in which epithets are always on the boil and exaggeration is all; a slightly unpleasant person is "a positive drain, my dear," and "divine" is equivalent to "not bad." Then there is the "refaned" manicurists' patter, perfectly exemplified in Mr. Van Druten's play, 'Diversion,' a jargon which attributes "Sech vaytelity" to others, but is certainly not vital in itself. Finally, there is still the argot of bars and betting-rings, of peroxide Junos and the other "paycocks" of the more prosperous Cockney world. Miss Gibbings has a copious power of discoursing this music of the streets. It is a pungent slang, rich in equine metaphor and the badinage of our bettors. It is good to hear it flow after the nasal Broadway stuff and especially good to hear it from Miss Loraine.

Mr. Phillpotts's jocular Georgics depend also on their sharpness of speech. The plots are as old as Devon hills and the characters are pastoral puppets clowning it for urban guffaws. It is possible in these dramas to have practical jokes about fallen women falling down on the stairs. Little Miss Muffet from Manaton will tumble off her tuffet and sit in her curds and whey if that will bring mirth to Muswell Hill. Yet the thing is always saved from being merely childish by the saltiness of the dialogue. The gaffers who chew the cud of fireside contemplation are usually capable of being shrewd cynics and their phrase has a good east-windy tang. Into this Devonshire boiling the author always throws some sage and salsify; the spoken word has a flavour and when the trivial plot ends in smoke, the language persuades us that we breathe the smoke of peat. Accordingly our nostrils are left pleasantly tingling as with something of the counties that has blown into the capital. 'The Run-aways' is a preposterous yarn of farcical misunderstandings at a farm; but it has the familiar savour. Old Churdles Ash is not yet burned out. Moreover, the company do their very best for it, Mr. Ralph Richardson and Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston being particularly natural as a brace of young yokels with troubles of the heart.

'Funny Face' carries me back to what I said of Miss Loraine. Mr. Henson's efficiency won. On the first night the audience was hungry for the Astaires, whose nimbleness is a form of physical wit that has proved most agreeable to Londoners in the 'past. These two make nonsense as fugitive as quicksilver and give unusual animation to any musical piece. But Mr. Henson's clowning was really of more moment in a triumphant first night. No amount of urban sophistication could resist his diligent simplicities. His cultivation of Batemanesque contortions enabled him to make new jokes of old; his highly professional face-twisting gave fresh and amusing angles to the clown's routine of grimace. With him was Mr. Sidney

Howard, advancing on the safe with cat-like tread as the well-intentioned burglar from Oswaldtwistle. They make a fine pair of scamps, exploiting all types of merriment, some as old as the broker's men in the pantomime, others as comparatively recent as the Russian ballet. So the capital, come to view the latest thing in dashaway dancing, roared at the primeval capers and confusions of the eternal Jack o' the Green and Merry Andrew.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—143

SET BY ALFRED WAREING

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a selection, in not more than 500 words, from an imaginary criticism by Dr. Samuel Johnson—and in his most characteristic manner—of Robert Browning's 'Bishop Blougram's Apology.' The portion should deal with the poem as such as well as Blougram's beliefs.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem, of 24 lines, modelled upon that of William Ernest Henley's 'Operation' (which commences, "You are carried in a basket"), describing a first ascent in an aeroplane from the time of arrival at the aerodrome to the time when the aeroplane, having reached the desired height, straightens out for its journey.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 143a, or LITERARY 143b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, December 3, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of December 8.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 141

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into rhymed English verse of the following epitaph on himself by Mathurin Regnier:

J'ay vécu sans nul pensemement
Me laissant aller doucement
A la bonne loy naturelle,
Et si m'étonne fort pourquoi
La mort osa songer à moy,
Qui ne songeay jamais à elle.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a ballade on the less serious aspects of the United States election, working in as much intelligible American slang and as many of the queerer place names of the United States as possible.

REPORT FROM MR. T. EARLE WELBY

141A. The entries for this competition were numerous, and though not one quite attained to the quality for which I hoped, hardly any were poor. It looked at first glance as if a score would tie for the

second prize, half-a-dozen for the first. Closer scrutiny revealed defects, but did not very much help decision, for several of those defects were common to the bulk of competitors. Thus a great many, having fixed on "him" for the terminal word, were obliged to credit Nature with "whim" for the sake of rhyme. But "la bonne loy naturelle" is law, not caprice, and the epithets preclude any criticism of it. Again, a good many otherwise meritorious attempts were marred by failure to preserve the final antithetical effect.

Taking the unsuccessful versions without pretending to arrange them here in strict order of excellence, I would commend two attempts by A. Stewart; H. C. M.'s smooth but slightly too prolix translation; M. H. Tattersall's success with the tone of the thing; Pibwob's and K. Overstone's endeavours after colloquial pungency; Dion's rather too free rendering; Eva Tytler's neat effort; Issachar's entry, weakened by a change of order; and the entries of M. R. G., Alice Herbert, A. Montgomery, James Hall (too free), Morton Luce, A. J. Davies-Jones, A. R. Wheeler, Majolica, Major Brawn, and J. R. Cripps. A model of concise writing was G. A. Newall's

I did not think (O happy, careless, free)
That Death, forgotten, would remember me.

But I cannot accept it as a translation.

The issue is between Lester Ralph and G. Rostrevor Hamilton. The former has presented the six lines and a fairly close translation; the latter has condensed and taken other liberties, but with a result that seems to justify him. I recommend, then, that the first prize be awarded to G. Rostrevor Hamilton, the second to Lester Ralph.

FIRST PRIZE

Careless through Life I sauntered, giving
My care to nothing but good living,
And yet Death cared—how strange a whim!—
For me, who never cared for him.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

SECOND PRIZE

I've lived my life unquestioning
Dame Nature's law, nor deemed she'd bring
Disquietude unsought;
Wherefore I ask amazedly
Why Death should dare to think of me,
Who ne'er gave Him a thought.

LESTER RALPH

141B. Of the very few entries, Lester Ralph's has most of the "go" one expects in a ballade. James Hall was not very happy in his refrain; nor, for that matter, was Little Ildefonso, whom I recommend for the second prize. (Will he send his address to the Editor?) No one can be said to have exploited the comic place-names thoroughly, but James Hall is commended on that and other accounts.

FIRST PRIZE

In far Cohoes and West Ketchum
Republicans, with hooch replete,
remove your wads of chewing-gum
and yell whatever you think meet;
then yell some more, what time you beat
it home to goose or Flathead Rise,
till Medicine Hat's faint echoes greet
"Big Business, Boost and Hoover, Guys!"

The Democrat has got it plumb
just where the stomach muscles meet
the big stiff's peritoneum.
Poor Al! Oh, Boys! Gee, ain't he sweet!
From frozen Yukon to the heat
of Alabam just put 'em wise
to what the drug stores all repeat,
"Big Business, Boost and Hoover, Guys!"

Our Hoover's not the sort of bum
that strikes deep roots in Babbit Street;
he does not hike the Vacuum,

nor boss the States' Preventive Fleet.

'Twas he that fed Europe effete
canned pork and beans, pale pumpkin pies,
chilled canvas-back, Chicago meat—
"Big Business, Boost and Hoover, Guys!"

Say, Volstead, hand us out a treat
of more Amendments. Watch the rise
in Uplift stocks, in Pussyfeet,
Big Business, Boost and Hoover guys.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

Great Falls! I'm sick of drinking home-made rum,
And doctoring up the hooch that fills my bin,
Hearing a lotta wets say, "Here, how come
We held a straight, and yet we didn't win?
We gave our votes, and helped some with our tin;
Still prohibition's on us like a drought;
Thank Gawd, illicit stilling's not a sin.
Let's drink to Al, for he's a good old scout.

In Little Rock the dames are stricken dumb,
Helena's soaks have lost that merry grin,
In Pokamoke the janes are doggone numb,
Some Phoenix folks have alain the kith and kin
Who gave a hand or flapped a feeble fin
When ol' man Hoover won the fial bout.
Well, once again the home brew must begin.
Let's drink to Al, for he's a good old scout.

Yeah, on the level, bootleggers are bum,
Hi-jackers' stuff would make a rhino spin,
The booze speakeasies sell costs quite a sum,
And getting tight is risking one sound skin.
It makes you reckon life's not worth a pin
To think we might have put them all to rout.
Gosh, prohibition's wearing awful thin.
Let's drink to Al, for he's a good old scout.

Envoi

Prince, when you shake up your synthetic gin,
I'll bet you're sorry that the high hat's out;
And though you helped to put the dry boss in,
Let's drink to Al, for he's a good old scout.

LITTLE ILDEFONSO

VERSE

CHARON AND THE RIVER GIRL

By J. B. MORTON

AT first she called it a fantastic dream:
That hideous man of more than normal size,
The naked landscape, and the brackish stream
That hardly stirred beneath the dismal skies.
"I hope," she said, "You'll pardon my surmise,
But honestly I think there's something wrong;
You weren't at Betty's. Did we meet at Di's?"
And Charon answered, "Now we shan't be long."
The boat crept on. She said, "Now, what's the
scheme?
Isn't it time you chucked your weird disguise?
Where are the cushions? Where's the fruit and
cream,
The gramophone, the ice, the cold game pies?...
You domineering men, no one denies,
Intrigue a girl; and, as we're going strong,
I may seem rather rude to criticize?"
And Charon answered, "Now we shan't be long."
A sudden gasp; a quickly stifled scream...
She saw the ugly Stygian night arise,
And Hell's wan moon send forth a watery gleam;
She heard the lamentation and the cries
Of fashion's piteous little butterflies;
And still the boat drew near that misty throng,
"Charon!" she sobbed, "I thought all that was
lies!"
And Charon answered, "Now we shan't be long."
Prince, at that moment, much to his surprise,
She winked at him, and hummed a saucy song,
And did a negro step, and rolled her eyes:
And Charon answered, "Now we shan't be long."

BACK NUMBERS—C

ONE hundred, not found out; it is a solemn occasion, and I would celebrate it worthily, with a banquet having something of an anniversary character, the solidity and heartiness and inexhaustibility of an old-style English Christmas dinner. To whom, then, should I turn but Anthony Trollope? And the SATURDAY is a very proper paper in which to reconsider the cut-and-come-again plenty he spreads for us. It was the only important paper that on his death, after five or six years of rapidly declining popularity, affirmed his permanence. It was Walter Herries Pollock, some time Editor of the SATURDAY, who wrote the best full-length memorial article on him published elsewhere, dwelling affectionately on Trollope's elder-brotherly kindness to young writers, over whom he professed to have no advantage but that of longer experience. And, a much less agreeable reminiscence, many years earlier, when Trollope had indiscreetly told Yates something about the *Cornhill* dinners, and Yates in his fashion had pushed it into print, it was the mordant commentary of the SATURDAY that excited literary London, and drove Trollope to an embarrassing confession, and drew from Thackeray the essay, 'On Screens in Dining Rooms.'

Trollope the novelist, it seems to me, is best approached through Trollope the man. At first glance, he seemed to many observers the typical product of English beef and beer and English fox-hunting and English club-life. Burly, generously bearded, at once weighty and brisk of movement, loud-voiced, disputatious, choleric and kindness contending in his usual expression, a resolute inelegant rider, a hearty trencherman, a sound judge of wine: a squire with literary gifts. But, as Julian Hawthorne noted in a very valuable impression of him, Trollope was disputatious chiefly in the endeavour to establish accord between his fellows and himself. There was something pathetic about the big, genially overbearing man. He was the victim of what, in the jargon of to-day, would be called an inferiority complex. His wretched boyhood and trying first months as a civil servant had left him with the feeling of handicap, and when success came he was touchingly anxious to assert equality and identity or similarity of interests.

Trollope, indeed, was very well equipped for his work as a novelist by being very like the typical member of his class and very conscious of inner differences. He could write of them as one of themselves, and yet see them with a measure of detachment. And then, though for a good many years it did not seem so, he was fortunate in his Post Office work, which took him all over the country, and in the passion for hunting which he unexpectedly developed. He learned first Ireland and then England on horseback, as the Wesleys on their missions and Cobbett on his enquiries learned the country. He began to write fiction late enough for much of his material to have been assimilated, and very soon after the beginning he was working in the right spirit. He was thirty-seven when he wrote his first characteristic book, 'The Warden,' against which it may be urged that it contains advocacy and of a sort foreign to Trollope's nature; by forty he had shed everything that could get in the way of his progress as a novelist pure and simple. I have said that he worked in the right spirit; since there is no one spirit in which the novelist is bound to work, I mean, of course, the right spirit for him. He was by his whole constitution of those who take life on its own terms, content with the drabness of most of it, patient with the trivialities, the incongruities, the disorderly sequence of events. It is

amusing to conjecture what he would have made of the cry of Villiers de l'Isle Adam—"As for living, our servants will do that for us!"

In a great deal of great fiction there is implicit a judgment on average humanity. With the supreme novelist, with Balzac, the judgment is on the ungirt loins, the unlit lamp, the talent hidden in a napkin. He is wisely indifferent to the direction in which the energy of the will issues, but he demands that there shall be immense energy and in full exercise. As Baudelaire said, the very scullions in Balzac have genius; that is, they have an extraordinary intensity of will to be themselves. With many novelists the judgment has been in some sort moral. Often, especially in English fiction, the novelist has throughout let it be seen that he has a finer morality or a better social code than his people. In Trollope's best work we have nothing of all this. The actions of most of his people are governed by the average decent Englishman's ideas of decent conduct, to the extent that he saw those ideas respected about him. He records what he has observed and is content.

His tireless uncritical absorption in life communicates itself to his reader. These are not very wonderful people, and these are not very extraordinary events, and the medium in which they are conveyed to us is excellently serviceable, yet does not demand any special attention for itself. But here is life. Under many limitations, certainly, for Trollope is very much an Englishman and of his own period. But since he does not feel the limitations, neither do we. The story unrolls, often not quite so rapidly as we could wish, but so as to establish confidence in him. It will proceed evenly, and when all is over we shall have seen a panorama of upper or upper-middle class Victorian life more soberly truthful than any other man can give us. The sobriety will not have meant the exclusion of events that, nakedly considered, would be sensational; but it is one of the merits of Trollope that he tones the exceptional to the normal, and what in another writer would be the peculiarly arresting thing becomes with him hardly more absorbing than some page in record of the humdrum. Things take their place in Trollope; the strangest are subdued to the general level of life.

His admirers have disputed which is his best book. Perhaps it is 'Doctor Thorne,' which in Mary Thorne has his finest, his most charming heroine, and a very good plot, and abundance of his shrewdest characterization, and which is perhaps of most even merit in the writing. 'The Small House at Allington' has its backers. There are other favourites, but the discussion is really rather idle. For Trollope is not the kind of artist who comes to a climax in one book. As his people live the whole of their lives, and not in a single great experience, so he as a novelist must be judged by the mass of his work, some three early books and a few pieces of hackwork excepted. Judging him so, we shall not place him with the greatest. With them, however firm their grasp of reality, life becomes in some sort fabulous. They hold with Bacon: "The world being inferior to the soul, there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things." But a writer cannot be asked to possess incompatible virtues. It is Trollope's unconsciousness of the need of fable, his contentment with life as it is for ordinary people in a particular society and period, that make him in his way and degree a master.

STET.

REVIEWS

A KNIGHT-ERRANT

By GERALD GOULD

Last Chances, Last Chances. By Henry W. Nevinson. Nisbet. 15s.

I NEVER open an autobiography without remembering that triple personality recorded by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: (1) "The real John; known only to his Maker." (2) "John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him." (3) "Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either." What God sees in any of us, God knows: but an autobiography gives John's view of John; and to review it is an opportunity for Thomas. In the case of H. W. Nevinson (I use the famous initials—as he himself remarks in the present volume, he has had so many nicknames that his Christian name has never been used), the contrast between John's John and Thomas's is as sharp as usual, but different from the usual in kind. John is apt to see John as a hero; but it is the other people who have always insisted upon seeing H. W. Nevinson as a hero. They have supposed, oddly enough, that his habit of seeking war and ensuing it, of wooing always "the open road and the bright eyes of danger," of going up and down in the earth seeking somebody who might devour him, was due to an innate and inexplicable excess of courage. He has always embraced the unpopular cause; he has always despised the rewards of this world; and in consequence he has been labelled a knight-errant. But nothing annoys him so much as to be labelled a knight-errant. In his own view, he is a mild, timid, fugitive and cloistered scholar, steeped indeed in Thucydides and Goethe (for that he cannot deny), but intruded into the camps and affairs of men by nothing more personal than the whims of chance. "No judge or philosopher," he remarks in an earlier volume, "makes up his mind with more painful deliberation"; and he adds: "Until the moment comes when the coldest of reasonable beings could no longer avoid indignation, I avoid it only too carefully." Perhaps, however, he has made a mathematical error over the boiling-point of the coldest of reasonable beings.

Mere enumeration can easily illustrate how unadventurous his life has been. The Graeco-Turkish war: the Boer war (true to his principle of making the best of both worlds, he was starved in Ladysmith, and mobbed as a pro-Boer on his return): the Balkans again, on behalf of the Balkan Committee: investigation of slave-traffic in Angola: the Russian Revolution of 1905: visit to the Caucasus: to India: immersion in the Militant Suffrage Movement: visit to the Dogger Bank: to Finland: to Albania, on relief work: to Ulster during the Carson preparations: to Berlin on the eve of the war: to France, in the early stages of the war: to the Dardanelles, with Sir Ian Hamilton (here he was wounded): Salonika: back to France: into Germany after the Armistice: Ireland, during civil war: America: Germany again: the Near East again . . . but I have omitted much. The preface to the new volume (1914-1928) ends with the words: "I am just starting to the Near East for the twelfth time."

This third volume must be considered with the other two, for the whole story has unity. But, taken by itself, it would be sufficiently astonishing. It contains a series of pictures—men, women and occasions—rare in their richness and variety: few have seen half so much as the author, and few indeed have half the power to say what they see. The time, the place and the pen are a fortunate

trinity. Ours is an age of good writing; thousands attain competence, scores attain brilliance; yet it is doubtful whether any of his contemporaries has written so uniformly well as Nevinson. He keeps the austerity of the grand tradition, and lavishes the wealth of a superb personality, a manifold experience, a delicate scholarship, and a careful conscience, on the least thing he enfranchises to the Press. I know his work intimately, for I learnt my admiration of its quality when I was a boy at school; and I have never caught him out in a slipshod sentence. Irony, that jealous goddess, watches, inspires and controls his muse.

The two most moving and lasting passages here are the description of the Gallipoli campaign and the story of the tragedy of Roger Casement: both display a vibrating violence of meiosis which would have done credit to one of the great Greeks. Characteristic is the phrase in which he records that, when wounded, he was able to walk back to Suvla Point, about four miles, "without any inconvenience but pain." The best bits, however, are the impersonal; and here is one whose majesty will excuse its length:

In the brilliant dawn of Christmas Day I looked again across the peninsula to the gray and distant heights of Mount Ida, where the fountains still are running, and to the escarpment on the plain where Troy once stood. There in white and purple ran the Dardanelles, and there lay the battered hulk of the *River Clyde*. There was Lancashire Landing, and there Anzac Cove, and the heights of Sari Bair. Further away projected the rocky points of Suvla, and now the time was approaching when all that well-known peninsula, so near a neighbour to Troy, would be haunted by kindred memories. There the many men whom I had seen and known had once their habitation. There they had felt the finest human joy—the joy of active companionship in a cause which they accounted noble. There they had faced the utmost suffering of hardship and pain, the utmost terrors of death. The crowded caverns in which they had made their dwelling-place would soon be falling in, except where some shepherd might use a headquarters as more weatherproof than his hut, or as a sheltered pen for his sheep. The trenches that they dug and held to the death would soon crumble into furrows, covered with grass and flowers, or with crops more fertile for so deep a ploughing. The graves would be slowly obliterated, and the scattered bones that cost so much in the breeding would return to earth.

Quotation can give a better idea of such a book than can analysis; yet quotation itself fails to suggest the variety. What we have here is, half of it, the record of a person; but, half of it, the record of an epoch. Many sides of life are represented: there is even that strain of cheerful idiocy which helps to keep England what it is. For instance, two Austrian maids in Jerusalem, he says, accepted his imaginative statement that he was born on the field of Waterloo, "a place of which they had never heard."

Or take the concluding episode:

Knowing, then, that I was nearing the limit of existence—slowing down into the terminus, as Cardinal Newman expressed it—I set off as quickly as possible for Bagdad by way of Beyrout, Tripolis, Homs, Palmyra (Queen Zenobia's ruined City), Rutbah, and Felujah on the Euphrates. Happily for me, the heavy rains began before we were half across the Syrian desert, converting the hard and ancient tracks of Eastern merchants and pilgrims into sticky mud, in which the five motors, two of them heavy with mails, sank above the axles. Day and night, wet all day and cold all night, we dug and pushed and hauled, so that when we reached Bagdad on the Tigris, I was encrusted with hardened mud from head to foot, and looked like a Rodin statue. But soon after our arrival the five excellent drivers (Britons who had served in the war and stayed out there) went to the head office of the mail company, and said: "Look here! Whatever happens, we must keep Old Bill as a digger on the Staff!"

The author records that this was the finest compliment ever paid him. Yet he has received more compliments than most people, and deserved them better. This autobiography is a permanent achievement, the crown as well as the record of achievements. To the question: "What is a great man?", one can return no convincing answer; but one can point to this life-story and say: "That is a great man."

MEREDITH v. THE REST

The Complete Poetical Works of George Meredith.
Constable. 8s. 6d.

Come Hither. An Anthology for the Young of All Ages. Revised and Enlarged. Constable 10s. 6d.

MEREDITH, Browning, and Donne are the three great malcontents of English poetry. In their several ways, they bring to poetry what it will not accept without protest and ask of it what it cannot yield. They will not abandon themselves to the wind which bloweth where it listeth; they force their waking observation into the dream, and interrupt their own music. It is not that theirs is the unprofitable quarrel of otherwise gifted men with the instrument they cannot use: each, for all his offences, is a master of it. Ben Jonson's justified remark that Donne deserved hanging for not respecting the nature of English verse is accompanied by his equally justified remark that for some things Donne is the first poet in the world. Browning, though he writes verse that would set false teeth on edge, is, when he chooses, a great master of difficult metres, and beautifully musical in the simple, and has written at times perhaps the most melodiously *talking* verse in the language. Meredith, when we have given half the metrical credit of 'Love in the Valley' to George Darley, is clearly a consummate if capricious artist in verse. For one out of twenty exhibits, look at 'Phœbus With Admetus':

You with shelly horns, rams! and promontory goats,
You whose browsing beards dip in coldest dew!
Bulls that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats!
Laurel, ivy, vine, wreathed for feasts not few!
You that build the shade-roof, and you that court the rays,
You that leap besprinkling the rock stream-rent:
He has been our fellow, the morning of our days:
Us he chose for housemates, and this way went.
God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

When we have done ejaculating over the marvellous epithet "promontory," as marvellous, as though more obtrusively so, as the finest epithets in Richard Watson Dixon and Mr. Robert Bridges, we may spend minutes in exclamations over the handling of the metre.

Assuredly it is no technical trouble that sets Meredith quarrelling with poetry. His trouble, never permanently overcome, is that he is in no category. Teutonic, Gallic, English; a philosopher of sorts, a humorist of many sorts, a discontented novelist, a discontented poet; and, alas, a showman of himself: what literary form can accommodate such a writer? To me it seems his first thought was wise, and that of his prose fiction the most satisfactory, though not the greatest, thing was 'The Shaving of Shagpat.' Extravaganza was of all modes the one most nearly capable of suiting what was less a genius than a bundle of very various and vivid and distracted talents; and it is conceivable that in some sort of fantastic epic of modern life he might have found full scope as a poet. As things fell out, we have in poetry not any single masterpiece which gives us the whole man but a series of successes in which certain parts of him have been expressed as if the others did not exist and a series of brilliant failures in which, bewildered by the multiplicity of his gifts, he sometimes revenges himself by deliberately bewildering the reader.

Certain of the successes are not only in the anthologies, but fit well into them. No one turning the pages of, say, the 'Oxford Book of English Verse' can ever have been taken aback by 'Love in the Valley,' and there are several short lyrics, such as the beautiful and wistful 'Song in the Songless,' which would go happily in any good company. It would be absurd

to say that these are not characteristic; they are quite evidently Meredith's own. But it is not in them that we see the spectacle, familiar to students of him, of Meredith at war with the rest of the poets. Put, I do not say some freakish failure dear to cryptogramists, but the magnificent 'Nuptials of Attila' or the subtle and agonized 'Modern Love' into a general anthology and they will seem to start out of it. The 'Nuptials of Attila,' with 'Theodolinda,' which appeared originally in the same volume, were written respectively in 1879 and 1872, and are evidence of something very strange and sinister which was thrown up from the depths of his nature in that decade on these two occasions, but never before or again. Baleful, convulsed poems, they are utterances of a headlong impetuosity overcoming the stammer of extreme agitation. In what is common to them, in cruelty especially, the 'Nuptials of Attila' is the more astonishingly endowed, and it has for the ear a quality all its own in the extraordinary clangour of it. It is a deafening poem, with its over-consonant lines clashing together and its crashing rhymes; and it exasperates the mind's eye almost as much as the ear with its metallic glitter as of light on the shifting spear-points of Attila's horde. It is savage beyond anything else in English poetry, and only an idiot piety would pretend that its savagery is merely in duty to the subject. As well say that it was in mere loyalty to the matter and the period that Swinburne charged 'Chastelard' with a suicidal sensuality. No; the 'Nuptials of Attila' is a very great poem, but it is also the furious debauch of an imagination rejoicing in barbarism. It may be very sad from the point of view of those who have gone about interpreting the nature-philosophy of Meredith, but for myself, after hearing a great deal too much of Melampus, the good physician, I find the Sadist refreshing, and I know that if it were only for the superb, ominous refrain or for the sudden and terrifying glimpse of the demented and animalized bride and murderess—

She, the wild contention's cause,
Combed her hair with quiet paws.
Make the bed for Attila!—

this poem would be worth all the things they prize.

There is admirable cruelty of another kind in 'Modern Love,' with a consummate command of style, almost every so-called blemish being the success of an irony which is missed by the detractors. It is a constricted poem, or series of poems, and it is the constriction which makes it so modern and so terrible. Meredith never cut deeper or with more science or with so much repressed passion: 'The Egoist' is as a complexion treatment to this surgery. And if an age which boasts about having anatomized and psycho-analysed love knew what to ask of specializing anthologists, someone would by now have put it into an anthology of love containing only Donne, Coventry Patmore, some of Mr. Symonds, one poem by Ebenezer Jones, and this of Meredith's.

In his conception of love, when he was not the exhibitor of contorted and mostly second-rate prose epigrams or conducting the esteemed parade of Meredith heroines, he was at war with every one of our poets except those just mentioned and at certain points the Shakespeare of the sonnets and the Keats of one tortured poem. And in the two great things just praised, the 'Nuptials of Attila' and 'Modern Love,' he was legitimately, because to great purpose and result, out of the tradition. But much of his warfare was begun in a pet, or to pamper, turn about, talents he could not organize. He was wise in going to Nature, on the principle on which the deer according to Pliny (Landor says according to Plutarch, and editors of Landor in consequence of that kind of thing die in early middle age) went to the herb dittany: Nature can extract the darts that Life has shot into one. But it is, on the whole, of little profit to try and bandy epigrams with Box Hill, and

a cultivated brilliance is thrown away on the woods. Not always, but very often, Meredith is too restless to receive what Nature might give him. There are some successes in that part of his poetry, though they are not the things the semi-official commentators on Meredith most value; and there are very remarkable passages and phrases in the poems of a wrestling intellectuality not sufficiently steeped in sensuousness. But read them in alternation with an anthology! It will be no dishonour to Meredith if it be such an anthology as Mr. Walter de la Mare's, for even the poetry which is above the comprehension of children should have that which draws children to it. How far Meredith is from the ideal of poetry as "simple, sensuous and passionate"!

T. EARLE WELBY

THE SLUMS

The Slum Problem. By B. S. Townroe. Longmans. 6s.

WHY is it that no modern writer can succeed in writing a really gripping book on the slum problem? Here is a book by an experienced ex-civil servant with a real talent for writing and for arranging difficult material in such a way that significant points seem to come naturally to the surface. Its pages contain simple, careful, detailed and reasoned statements of every aspect of the slum problem. At no point during reading does one question the author's sincerity or his authority. Yet upon closing the book impressions change. In spite of Mr. Townroe's great care to avoid irrelevances, to suppress over-statement, to bring together in a compact form all the means at present being employed to effect slum clearance, one stops reading with rather less respect for the author than one had at the beginning, and with a positive feeling of resentment that the slum problem persists in such a way as to give weight to those piecemeal remedies of which Mr. Townroe has chosen to make himself a smug and coolly reasoning advocate.

The author seems to have had three chief purposes. He has sought to combine bringing together all the difficulties of slum clearance and all the means of overcoming them in a form that can be understood by the most simple-minded councillor in Puddlebury, with producing a book which, when read by hard-faced opponents of social reform, will convince them that at least something can be achieved if only local authorities are prepared to take the initiative and to rely upon the effectiveness of expert advice, based upon common sense and the experience of officials. To this extent he has certainly been successful. He emphasizes with justice how much has been done in Manchester, where the local authority has the power to issue a closing order on any house certified as unfit for human habitation. No compensation is paid. The City Architect puts forward a proposal for reconstructing the house, and if that is not complied with the house is closed down. This policy has been pursued since 1867. Yet no one is likely to assert that Manchester is even now free from slums. By this means Manchester has, however, rendered itself comparatively free of back-to-back houses, and one reads with a shock that there remain in Leeds 72,000 of these dwellings; in Birmingham, 44,000; in Sheffield, 33,000; and incalculable numbers elsewhere.

The importance of efficient key personages in the slum problem is stressed. It is a point that is not yet generally understood, either by the elector or by the councillor. The Medical Officer of Health is in an all-powerful position in many districts. He is sometimes old and slack; sometimes a part-time

official dependent upon not offending his rich patrons and not disturbing his poor patients; sometimes shared by two neighbouring authorities. In all these circumstances he can delay slum clearance by not calling attention to the need. The efficient woman manager, trained on Octavia Hill lines, anxious both for the good of the tenants and for the prosperity of the employer, when placed in a key position can in time transform the character of an estate, whether privately or publicly owned. There has been a scarcity of these skilled women in the past, but in a few years' time the London School of Economics may have produced a surfeit of them. Mr. Townroe makes a passing observation on the power of small shopkeepers to delay slum clearance. Shopkeepers rely on the credit they can give in their particular locality, and business prosperity gives them an affection for their neighbourhood as it is. Unfortunately this affection does not always express itself in direct or recognizable terms.

Mr. Townroe is, secondly, at pains to emphasize that housing reforms alone will not dispose of slums. Slum minds and slum habits are to be found all over the world. The same characteristics go to make up the slum dweller as go to make up the "beachcomber," and the satellite European inhabitants of Oriental towns. We can therefore conclude that slum dwellers spring from all ranks of society, as well as from the slums. No one disputes this. But at the same time no one can dispute that foresight, orderliness, thrift, pride in self-accomplishment and personal credit, and a sense of community responsibility—qualities the absence of which go to distinguish the permanent habitué of slums from his fellow-citizens—are qualities less likely to be learned in the atmosphere of a slum than elsewhere. Mr. Townroe is content to place a damper upon the efforts of the enthusiast, and to leave the matter there. But modern American child-psychology is beginning to prove beyond dispute that these qualities are dependent upon bodily habits acquired or not

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acquired, in the first six years of life. Dr. Cyril Burt has pointed out that one of the most constant factors in the creation of delinquent children in the L.C.C. Schools is overcrowding and bad housing, and by no means the least of other factors is "irritability" of parents, emphasized by lack of privacy. The logical conclusion to be drawn from this aspect of Mr. Townroe's statement of the slum problem is that most slum-dwellers would be the better off both for having been educated in bodily habits and for some sort of ethical training than they now are on account of the knowledge they have forgotten that they acquired at school. Mr. Townroe does not, however, draw this obvious conclusion, and very many others are also content not to draw it.

Finally we are led to conclude that the complete dissolution of slums is a slow and perhaps impossible task, only to be undertaken by those who are patient and fully aware of the intricate procedure involved; that the town-planning of built-up areas will have little immediate effect; that compensation under the 1925 Act has again to be adjusted in fairness to the landowner and shopkeeper; indeed, that the most hopeful method lies in giving free play to private enterprise, and in the development of large estates owned either by local authorities or wealthy corporations capable of efficient management. The subsidy too must be abandoned, though the reasons given for this course are not well established by Mr. Townroe. Those who advocate the complete abandonment of the subsidy, normally fall into two errors. In the first place they assume that private enterprise was solving the housing problem before the war and if given free play will solve it now. And in the second place they assume that the effective economic demand for houses is the same as the number of persons whom it is desirable to house well. At the present time the effective economic demand for housing at rents of about 14s. or 15s. is almost supplied. What are now needed are houses at rents which unskilled labour earning between £2 or £3 a week can afford to pay; that is, anything up to 7s. or 8s. per week. It is difficult to see how these can be supplied except by the aid of a subsidy, however vicious subsidies may be held to be in their other effects.

AS THEY LIKE IT

Wonderful Outings. By E. V. Knox. Methuen.

5s.

More Little Happenings. By J. Jefferson Farjeon. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Meet These People. By Reginald Arkell. Jenkins. 3s. 6d.

BESIDES the great traditions of English humour, we have another tradition, established so lately as the mid-Victorian period, of no concern to the historian of our literature, but undoubtedly satisfactory to the bulk of the public and therefore of social importance. It is the tradition of thin-lipped facetiousness cherished, as to its higher manifestations, by dons of certain types, and for the rest valued where the public-school ideal and the conventions of our games are considered the most vital of our possessions. In art, this tradition has reduced the business of the caricaturist to the illustration of petty breaches of an etiquette not distinguished enough to represent any fine ideal of mannered living. And in literature it gives us, not the laughter that is the gross and wholesome joy of the flesh triumphing over the spirit, not the laughter of the spirit in its revenge on materialism, but a pudibund, anæmic cackling over false quantities, ignorance of golf, the unconscious audacities of children, the mode of the moment, and other such

material. It looks neither before nor after; it accepts the notions of the day at the day's market-price; and it never glimpses the truth that the endeavour to measure up human life with the foot-rule of British gentility would be tolerable only if undertaken with a lively sense of its preposterousness. But why labour to define the thing? The embodiment of it is available in the comic Press.

There is no villainy in the business. The papers want what they want, and the developing humorist thinks he can give them that and save the rest of himself for other papers and for literature. In five years or so, he has been subdued to what he works in, and where we might have had an incarnation of the spirit of comedy we have only a refined drawing-room entertainer. Some writers, to be sure, have such powers of passive resistance that they retain a little of the old Adam, but even they are not what they might have been.

They have become involved in the game of adolescents, of the kind played with regularity and success in undergraduate magazines. Mr. Knox, though he has it in him to forsake it, keeps on with it. 'On a Grey Afternoon' is probably a fair sample of his book, and here is the matter of it. An uncle is escorting assorted nephews and nieces to some sort of picnic. A great wind gets up. To distract attention from the failure of the picnic, Uncle James tells the children how an ancestor of theirs proposed in a wind to an ancestress. One may laugh over the lover who has to get to windward to be heard and the lady who has to sprint ahead of him to make an audible reply. But here plainly is a thing made to a specification. If Mr. Knox were a hack writer one could shrug one's shoulders and pass on. But he has a vein of genuine humour, much ingenuity, a nice feeling for certain verbal effects. One feels that if he could only forget his audience or be provided with another he might do things much more deadly. As it is—well, his little book is easy reading and will yield a good many chuckles.

There are some chuckles to be had also from 'More Little Happenings,' by Mr. Farjeon, and from 'Meet These People,' a collection of neat and apt satirical rhymes, illustrated by Mr. Bert Thomas. But why cannot our humorists find matter more worthy of them? There is plenty of it about, and there is need of a few humorists with ideals and anger.

MUSSOLINI'S APOLOGIA

My Autobiography. By Benito Mussolini. Hutchinson. 30s.

IT is difficult to know whether Signor Mussolini's enemies or friends will be the more disappointed with this book. There is nothing in it which is capable of being used against him, but it is essentially the autobiography of Mussolini the Fascist leader and not of Mussolini the man. It is propaganda, and is apparently meant for the people of the United States, having been translated by the late American Ambassador to Italy. The book also suffers from the defect that it was dictated, and its style is thus rather more rhetorical than is always to the taste of the English reader.

At the same time Signor Mussolini is singularly guarded. He tells us nothing that we did not know before, and he leaves out a great deal that we should like to have heard. For example, on more than one occasion he has publicly alluded to his debt to Nietzsche and Georges Sorel, but their very names are omitted here; indeed, the intellectual background of Fascism is curiously neglected in the autobiography of its leader. In these circumstances it is rather by what he leaves unsaid that one can estimate the rela-

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tive importance of his country's problems in Signor Mussolini's mind, and it is significant that he is unwilling to discuss Italian relations with France, while of the colonial ambitions of Italy he says that "this situation has to find its full solution," but he gives no clue to his own future policy.

This autobiography is essentially of the class that is produced by fear of biography. Its author, like Gibbon, depicts himself, not necessarily as he is, but as he wants the world to think he is, and in that lies its real importance. He clearly believes that he has been from birth destined to do great things, and it is this belief that has animated his whole career. His autobiography is, therefore, his *apologia*, and must be judged as such.

With one aspect of this book no reader can fail to be impressed, and that is its absolute sincerity. Whatever charge may hereafter be brought against Signor Mussolini, that of hypocrisy cannot now be made. One may disagree either with his aims or with his methods, or with both, but his obvious honesty of purpose can only command respect. When he says he has made nothing out of politics we instinctively feel that the claim is true, and it is one that could be advanced by very few of his predecessors since the time of Cavour. Thus, although this book has faults—and they are serious ones—it should be read by all who wish to know something of the man whom the translator does not hesitate to describe as "the greatest figure of his sphere and time."

FRANCE

Bohemian, Literary and Social Life in Paris. By Sisley Huddleston. Harrap. 21s.

Through the French Provinces. By Ernest Peixotto. Scribners. 12s. 6d.

The Story of France. By Paul van Dyke. Scribners. 12s. 6d.

THESE three books are really guide-books of one kind and another. Of the three authors Mr. Huddleston is the least pretentious. Obviously his was the easiest task of the three, and he revels in it. After a few brief regrets for the Paris that nobody will ever see again, he makes the best of what there is to-day. There are enough anecdotes to keep a paragraphist for a year. All the old ones are here, and many new ones as well. There are short descriptions of famous men and women that are as sharp and as well observed as a good epigram. Everybody has been to Mr. Huddleston's studio, and he has drawn them all out in the most natural manner in the world. He knows the gossip of the cafés and the bars, the controversies of the salons, the jests of the boulevards and the theatre foyers. He is, in fact, French by absorption, and has the Frenchman's logical wit and love of gaiety in conversation. There are 450 pages, a good index, and an unusually diverse collection of pictures, consisting of photographs, thumbnail sketches, caricatures and reproductions of portraits.

Mr. Peixotto has revised and to some extent re-written this nineteen-year-old book, but his own illustrations are the better part of it. If he had said to himself, "I will sit down and write a straightforward guide-book, incorporating my sketches," the result might have been something less ordinary. One does not want to know of Chinon Castle that the houses nestle beneath it, or that its lanes are quaint. One wants to know that the way to see it is to come along the river from Montsoreau, and cross the bridge slowly. Again, to see Chartres Cathedral, on a first visit, from any point but one is to miss one of the

most violent emotions of travel. Mr. Peixotto mentions the Porte Guillaume but does not implore the traveller to come into the town that way. There is a little map at the beginning of the book, showing the author's route, but there is no index. So much against the book. In its favour is this: that the author has really managed to write of places "off the beaten track"—a rare achievement in books that profess to do so.

Mr. van Dyke has attempted to compress into some 500 pages the history of France from Julius Cæsar to the Third Republic. The difficulty of such an undertaking is to work it out to scale. The proportions must be right. Lavis and Hanotiaux are ready with the facts—forty volumes between the two of them. But that is where the toil begins, and on standing back from the book one sees that Mr. van Dyke has been reasonably successful. He has not worked any theory, unless it be the peculiar genius of the French for civilization. He has not followed M. Bainville and exaggerated the part played by the monarchy in the making of France. Nor has he gone the other way, and attributed to the peasantry virtues and qualities which they do not possess. He traces against the vast Roman background the march of the Mediterranean civilization; the plague of barbarianism follows, and the huge endeavour of Charlemagne; the decay and the medieval resurrection, leading to an iron monarchy; the dragging wars, dynastic and religious; and so through Absolutism to the breakdown and the Revolution, and the establishment of the Republic. All this is told in undistinguished English, and the tone of the voice is so even from beginning to end that one finds it tedious at times. But it is a conscientious piece of guide-work.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE

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By MARJORIE BOWEN, Author of *Sundry Great Gentlemen*. With 16 illustrations. [Ready November 23rd.] 18s. net.

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The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism. By Elie Halévy. Translated by Mary Morriss. Faber and Gwyer. 30s.

Democracy on Trial. By F. A. W. Gisborne. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

IT is now nearly twenty-five years since the third volume of M. Halévy's monumental work on 'La Formation du Radicalisme Philosophique' was first published. Since that day its author has come to be acknowledged throughout the world as one of the greatest living historians of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in England; and his work (three volumes of which have so far appeared) on the 'History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century' is not yet complete. This has already been translated, but the earlier and equally valuable one has had to wait until this year for its translator. We welcome this translation, which has been competently and carefully done by Miss Morriss. In the English edition (for which the Master of Balliol has written an introduction) the three French volumes have been published as a single book, which runs to something like a quarter of a million words.

It is strange that the first adequate study of the greatest English school of social thinkers should be by a Frenchman, for this analysis is altogether different in scope from the work of Sir Leslie Stephen. Yet it is the fate which Bentham himself experienced. He was grasped and appreciated on the Continent long before he was acknowledged at home, and his first great work was written in French, arranged and edited by a Swiss, and subsequently rendered popular by an English translation.

M. Halévy's work is thoroughly comprehensive. In the first part he deals with the youth of Bentham from the American to the French Revolutions. In this section he traces out clearly the origins and principles of the Utilitarian philosophy, and the way in which they blended to produce Bentham's philosophy of law on the one hand, and the new economic teaching of Adam Smith on the other. In the second part the author traces the evolution of the utilitarian doctrine from 1789 to 1815 in its application to law, economics, and politics, and shows how Bentham and his colleagues gradually awoke to a realization of the radical implications of their doctrines, and how a "school" emerged which was destined in the ensuing century to influence deeply every department of English public life. The third part analyses critically the implications of the new *corpus* of philosophic radicalism for each aspect of social life. This section explains more clearly than has hitherto been done the inherent nature of the contradiction in Bentham's teaching between the assertion of the *fact* of the pursuit of pleasure by each individual, and the assertion of the *obligation* of the legislator to promote "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The one half of Bentham's teaching produced the school of *laissez faire* individualists: the other half produced the school advocating administrative control, government inspectors, and so forth.

To turn from M. Halévy's work to that of Mr. Gisborne is to turn from the scholar to the dilettante. Mr. Gisborne has produced a not unpleasant volume of miscellaneous essays on topics ranging from the nature of democracy to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The essay which gives the title to his book is an indictment of "democracy" (by which he means the present system of representative government) under twelve heads. He says nothing new: in fact it is a curious coincidence that another Gisborne was writing a work on 'The Duties of Man' in 1797—at the very time Bentham was

adumbrating his democratic philosophy—which contains a similar diatribe against the democratic party system to that of his present namesake. But on one point at any rate the latter can claim to be original and that is in the substitute he proposes for the present system of elected representatives. He wants would-be legislators and cabinet ministers to undergo a special course of training at the University, and then

after the completion of his course it would be obligatory for each student of good character to satisfy a competent board of examiners that he had acquired the equipment of special knowledge necessary for undertaking the work of legislation, and he would then graduate as M.P.—Master of Politics. Only persons thus distinguished would be allowed to offer their services to the electors.

But those who have had much experience of examinations may feel that there is a limit to the ideal of the philosopher as statesman.

RICHELIEU

Richelieu. By Karl Federn. Translated by Bernard Miall. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

MOST great statesmen have had lovable personalities; but we feel—especially with the very greatest of them—that this was only because they found it necessary to their schemes to be loved. Like great sculptors, seeking to make their material softer and more malleable, they worked in this way upon the human clay in which they hoped to execute their masterpieces. And if in the case of Richelieu, as Mr. Karl Federn says, "more admired than loved him, and still more execrated him," we may be sure that this was simply because Richelieu, the absolutist, found popularity unnecessary, or at any rate failed to recognize its value. It is true that he was indifferently equipped for the purpose. His natural grace of manner could not conceal the coldness of his nature, his dignity did not prevent men from smiling (behind their hands) at that curious tendency of his to a kind of theatrical foppishness, and his awkwardness with women only added to the offence of his rumoured relations with his own niece. The average man instinctively sided against him with Anne of Austria and D'Artagnan. And Richelieu cared not a fig.

But there was one man whose love—or affection, or friendship—it was of the utmost importance that Richelieu should secure and hold. That man was the King. Richelieu was no theoretical absolutist. He established absolutism (thus setting the note for all Europe except England) only because he saw no other way of carrying out his plans. He was not even a theoretical foreign minister, if it comes to that, for, as Mr. Federn says, he "never laid down a theoretical policy." He was no blind annexationist, for instance, but simply did the best he could for France in the circumstances of the moment. The difference between him and his predecessors and rivals was simply that he had an instinctive and instantaneous appreciation of the realities of the international situation. But in order to act upon this inborn faculty of his, it was necessary that he should act through the King. The nobles were too stupid, turbulent, unpatriotic; the Estates too feeble and incompetent. Richelieu, as everyone knows, began his career as a Queen's man; but he very soon saw that he could effect nothing until he controlled the King—the one permanent, solid and still popular authority in France. Thus began that strange relationship between the Cardinal and the King—which neither Mr. Federn nor anyone else has ever fully explained—between the minister who was all brains and the monarch who was all emotions, who

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never liked his tutelage and yet retained, somewhere in his muddled head, the sound instinct that in Richelieu alone lay the future hope of the monarchy.

Modern administrators will find much to condemn in Richelieu's methods. He seems to have had no gift for delegating his authority. Again and again we find important negotiations delayed, and the interests of France jeopardized, because he himself could not be present and nothing could be done without him. He employed an army of paid spies and assassins—an evil precedent, which this author insufficiently condemns. But Richelieu is a great subject for the essayist. It is an astonishing fact that there is yet no adequate and completed modern biography of him—not even by a Frenchman. In these circumstances no one can complain if German writers, of the Karl Ludwig school, rush in to fill the breach. Mr. Federn has his faults. He seems, for instance, to underestimate the importance of Madame de Chevreuse—"this woman," he calls her. No doubt she was a bad influence; but it is as foolish to deny or ignore her extraordinary political ability as it would be in the case of the Pompadour. The picture of the great Cardinal, however, is beautifully clear-cut, beautifully true. We hear nothing new of him, it is true; but how could we? There is no new evidence. And what new thing has Karl Ludwig told us about anyone? The value of such essays as this—of which the main argument has been roughly indicated above—is simply that they make us think. They appeal especially to that large class of readers who will face an essay but will not face a history book. And as such they do good work. The genuine lover of history will, as a rule, get little help from them.

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Thus anyone who hopes to find in 'A Little Less Than Gods' a coherent picture or even a vivid impression of France during the Hundred Days and the aftermath of Waterloo, will be disappointed. The book, Mr. Ford tells us, was to have been written in collaboration, presumably with Conrad, and Conrad's influence is as marked as if he had really had a hand in it. One sees how the central idea would have recommended itself to him. Marshal Ney, so runs an American legend, was not executed after Waterloo: a certain Baron de Fréjus suffered in his stead, and the Prince de la Moskwa took refuge in America. The intrigues and agitations that led up to this are seen through the eyes of a young Englishman who, in Elba and later in France, preserved an intense hero-worship for Napoleon and did not see eye to eye with his own country. A most romantic figure, this George Fielding, and one after Conrad's own heart. But Conrad would surely have simplified him, made him more obviously the sport of conflicting loyalties, drawn his portrait in firmer lines than those rhetorical flourishes which Mr. Ford weaves into the semblance of a human face. The narrative is confusing if it is not confused; it is overloaded with the ironical manner which Mr. Assheton Smith, an English *milord* fabulously rich, extended to all and sundry, even the Duke of Wellington. Just as Mr. Ford writes obliquely, inferring an important event from a concatenation of seemingly irrelevant and trivial details, so his characters seldom speak quite to the point. They must address the Universe, must protest their indignation, their innocence, their helplessness in the face of Destiny, before they can exchange an idea. Self-justification and self-pity are at the root of their characters; they are certainly less than gods, if indeed they are more than men.

Miss Delafield's method is the antithesis of Mr. Ford's. She makes no attempt to establish a literary medium by which the dissonant elements in her work may be harmonized. She does not suggest, nor wind into her subject like a serpent; she states the facts as baldly as possible, and should they make other facts or other people look silly, so much the better. She has a gloomy view of life; she wants to make the most of its maladjustments; her art is spotty and jerky, always stopping abruptly, like the happiness of her characters. She depends for her effects almost entirely on character-drawing. Particularly is this the case in 'What is Love?'—one of her less successful novels, though worth reading, like most things she writes. The book has no special idea at the back of it; it does not answer the question embodied in its title, though it shows many things that love is not. The heroine, Ellie, like so many of her characters that Miss Delafield likes or tries to like, is not a success. She is beautiful, dresses badly, has a tender nature and suffers in silence: she is not fit for the modern world, certainly not for the boulder, Simon, who tells her she dances badly so that her tears flow afresh. (Miss Delafield's cads are almost too caddish.) But it is not clear what she is fit for; she is too passive, too much of a door-mat. The nastier characters are drawn with varying degrees of spirit: the less they appear, the more they convince. Ellie's divorced parents are excellent; but Vicky and Simon, protagonists of modern youth with its hardness, directness and common sense, are not very life-like taken in the round, though much of what they say and do has the stamp of truth. Ellie's brother Lionel becomes unreal directly he grows up. In detail the book is often excellent, and it has caught very well one aspect of modern life—the dreary effort many have to make to be clear-sighted about their financial interests while trying to indulge emotions of the heart which run counter to those interests. But as a whole, 'What is Love?' suffers from lack of subject.

'A Young Woman Grows Up' has, perhaps, the same fault, and it is a little flimsy and consciously clever, as well. It ends with a melodramatic coincidence which novelists of an earlier age, more tolerant of these devices, would have boggled at. It disregards the circumstances of modern life, and assumes that one can live in London undiscovered by one's friends. It exaggerates the touchiness and mistrustfulness of lovers; in its aerie course it leaves many loose ends and many things unexplained. But it has some most delightful passages; characters, like Major Bendixen, etched lightly and firmly with the fewest possible strokes; a charming gift of dialogue; and a delicate and tender perception of the awakening of love. Annette is a delightful heroine; there is no need for Mrs. Mundy-Castle to say so, one recognizes it at once; and as long as she is on the scene and in fairly good spirits (disaster makes her a trifle lachrymose) the book is enchanting. She is never more attractive than when repelling the formidable lady-killer, Bendixen, whose unwelcome attentions make difficult her growing up. A delightful book, perhaps too slight and sketchy to be more than that.

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in any "thriller." But superimposed is a very delicate, baffling, spiritual drama, the issues of which remain obscure, but whose general effect is sincere and moving. 'The Old Expedient' shows but a feeble grasp of external events, but its capacity for spiritual excitement and moral indignation is an indication of what its author might achieve had she a better understanding of the material conditions she deplures.

SHORTER NOTICES

William Heinemann. By Frederic Whyte. Cape. 15s.

IN writing this memoir of a successful publisher, who was also a well-known figure in the literary world, Mr. Frederic Whyte has found ready to his hand a great mass of material, including stories of many of the leading men of letters in the 'nineties and the early years of this century. Some of these stories are new. We hear for the first time Mr. Bernard Shaw's own account of how Heinemann made one of his few mistakes—when he "turned down" Mr. Shaw's plays. His argument was that the public only bought plays in order to act them, and he proved his point, says Mr. Shaw, "by showing me the ledger account of Pinero, whose plays he published at eighteen-pence a-piece." There, "sure enough, all the items were for little batches of copies consisting of one for each character in the play and one for the prompter, the general reading public being utterly unrepresented." And "as the amateurs of that day never touched plays unless they had seen them performed by fashionable actors and actresses whom they longed to ape," Mr. Shaw's plays, which were still unperformed, remained also unpublished, until Grant Richards took the risk some years later. Joseph Conrad, Whistler, R. L. Stevenson, Oscar Wilde and Mr. George Moore—these are only a few of the names which appear frequently in these entertaining pages. And Mr. Whyte finds room for an adequate and sympathetic account of Heinemann's own character and career.

Louis XIV, the Sun-king. By Louis Bertrand. Longmans. 18s.

THIS book has been translated into English by an American, and our only criticism of what appears to be a very good piece of work is that it should never be possible to say with such certainty what part of the English-speaking world a translator comes from. As for M. Bertrand's sketch of Louis XIV, it is certain that the Grand Monarque is one of those characters in history who are long overdue for rehabilitation. His pomposity has so irritated the historians that they have hardly tried to be fair to him. We are disgusted at his amours, while forgiving those of Henri IV or the contemporary Charles II of England, merely because they had a sense of humour and sinned with a twinkle in the eye. But the cruellest libel of all is the suggestion that Louis was indifferent to the happiness and even the lives of his subjects. He said himself that "however much he may love glory, a good prince cannot be happy unless he has the love as well as the admiration of his people"; and that was what he strove for, and won. As to his "arrogance," he was in fact "the most democratic of men," and so far from adding to the ritual of the French Court he greatly reduced it. In fact, M. Bertrand (who is a well-known novelist as well as an historian) has put in a thoroughly lively and provocative "speech for the defence." We shall be surprised if others do not follow on the same side.

With a Woman's Unit in Serbia, Salonika and Sebastopol. By I. Emslie Hutton. Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.

MANY readers will congratulate Dr. Hutton on having yielded to the "request of friends" that she should write down her experiences in the war. She has given us a book of exceptional interest, alike for the new ground which it traverses and the heroic personality which it reveals. To find the modern version—in a good sense—of the "tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide" we have to look among our women doctors. The author went to France in 1915, shortly after taking her degree, to join the Scottish Women's Hospital, which was working at Troyes on the French front—one of the only two units in France completely staffed by women. Before the end of the year her hospital was shipped off to Salonika, a new and unknown base, and Dr. Hutton and her colleagues were plunged into the most terrible scenes among Serbian casualties, typhus-stricken refugees and all the heady turmoil of an imperfectly organized war. She describes her work with a modest vivacity which cannot wholly conceal its difficulties and its horrors. Later she worked in the Crimea up to its hasty evacuation by Wrangel, and then in Constantinople. It is no wonder that an American visitor expressed his astonishment at finding "a mere girl" in control of a hospital; but Dr. Hutton records her considered opinion that "the womanly woman who takes a pride in her appearance is almost certain to be the one who is the hardest and most efficient worker."

The Gospel and the Law. By Sir Edward Abbott Parry. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THE law we know—but where is the Gospel? In the opinion of Judge Parry, it is the teaching of Jesus Christ, unencumbered by ecclesiastical accretions. And between these two—the law and the Gospel—there is a great gulf fixed. It is necessary, Sir Edward thinks, to bridge that gulf, to bring the law into line with the Gospel. He goes on to indicate a number of much-needed reforms—the abolition of imprisonment for debt, easier divorce facilities, and a wholesale reform of the Civil Service. Sir Edward does not mince his words, and as a hater of bureaucracy his chief indignation is reserved for the Workmen's Compensation Act. "The judicial stomach," he writes, "could not assimilate this foreign article of diet, and incoherence of judgment followed the consequent dyspepsia." (The sentence is characteristic of the trenchant vigour of Sir Edward's style.) This is a spirited and courageous book, written with all the fury of a resolute iconoclast, and it provokes the reflection that when the existing law of the land is attacked so fearlessly by one of its administrators some reform may perhaps be achieved.

The Solent and the Southern Waters. By H. Alker Tripp. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

MR. TRIPP, who is well known to amateur yachtsmen by his pseudonym of "Leigh Hoe," adds a third volume to his genial descriptions of sailing on the English coast. The 12-ton *Growler* cuts fresh water in this "casual exploration of the seaways about the Isle of Wight and of the creeks and inlets from Chichester to Poole." The book begins with an animated account of the passage from Wapping to Bembridge, and continues with a detailed description of sailing about the "pleasant hunting-ground of creek and estuary" which lies between the Wight and the mainland. It is always agreeable to sail with Mr. Tripp, and his book will inspire many small-boat owners to follow in his wake. The author's illustrations in line and monochrome add to the vividness of the narrative.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

Poetry is represented this week by three interesting volumes. The late Mary Webb, whose works are being re-issued with introductions by well-known admirers after the fashion set some years ago in the case of Mr. Leonard Merrick, figures in the list with *Poems* (with an Introduction by Walter de la Mare. Cape. 5s.).—*Selected Poems of Ezra Pound* (Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.) has a long critical introduction dealing with technical and other questions by Mr. T. S. Eliot.—*The Buck in the Snow* (Harper. 5s.) is the first volume of verse Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay has published for five years.

The Pilgrimage of Buddhism. (By Professor J. B. Pratt. Macmillan. 15s.) is an attempt to provide not a mere history of Buddhism but a picture of Buddhism in practice to-day.—*Letters from Baron F. von Hügel to a Niece.* (Dent. 7s. 6d.) contains some letters not included in the *Collected Letters*, and gives incidentally ideas on the training of a woman's mind and character entertained by the distinguished religious thinker.

In 'The Golden Dragon Library' an endeavour is being made to draw on the less known men or masterpiece of Oriental tale-telling. The volumes now before us are *The Book of the Marvels of India*, *The Turkish Wives of Women*, *Deitel's The Porcelain Junk*, and *The Shoji* (Routledge. 6s. each).

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- THE RENUNCIATION OF WAR. By J. W. Wheeler Bennett. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.
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Company Meeting

JUGA VALLEY TIN AREAS

The FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Jugu Valley Tin Areas, Ltd., was held on November 16 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., the Hon. Lionel Holland (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The representative of the Secretaries (The Anglo-Oriental and General Investment Trust, Ltd.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—I now beg to submit for your approval the directors' report and the accounts to February 29 last.

I must, to begin with, express my regret that it was not possible to hold our first annual meeting at an earlier date—within a shorter period after the close of the company's financial year. In future I anticipate no difficulty in getting our balance-sheet up to time.

The progress of work generally upon our property, and the development of our undertaking have been delayed by quite an exceptional number of unfortunate circumstances during the period under review this morning; but I think I may now claim for the property that when the rainy season returns it will be in a fair way to make good. Its production now has reached some 11 to 13 tons of tin concentrates a month—July seven tons, August 13 tons, September 11 and October 11 tons. Even were the plant in full operation, and we were attacking more points for production, I doubt whether it would be good policy at the moment to press production.

We had hoped—as I mentioned at our statutory meeting—to have had a concreted dam, with a large storage capacity, erected in time for last year's rains, and pipes laid to connect it with the elevators installed in the Jugu section of our property. But its construction under direct labour proceeded slowly, and seemed to be lacking in thorough efficiency. It was not until the policy of direct employment was discarded and the work let out last January on contract, that the dam has been completed and the connection pipes, to the Jugu elevators satisfactorily laid.

Work was in hand upon nine leases in September, with some 400 labourers employed. In the earlier part of the month, as I have mentioned, the gravel pumps were held up by floods, but the yardage treated came to 28,676 yards, with a recovery of 11 tons of tin concentrate.

About six months ago the position of our mining superintendent was taken over by Mr. Rowe, a young engineer of promise, of excellent experience and reputation on the Nigerian field, in whom we have every confidence. He is assisted and supported in his duties by the advice and experience of the engineering firm of Messrs. Foley Boyes Butler and Peek, who now act as managers in Nigeria of the Anglo-Oriental group of mines, whose first-rate standing and long and honourable record of successful management are a guarantee that no step will be neglected to develop the capabilities of our properties and to safeguard their interests.

The areas held by the Jugu Valley Company are already extensive—covering over 25 square miles held under mining lease and exclusive prospecting license—but negotiations have recently been opened and have now resulted in an agreement which will, if you give your sanction to the necessary increase of capital, render our company possessed of a still more extensive and valuable territory. There are concessions in the neighbourhood of the Jugu Valley, comprising outlying properties on the far north of the Bauchi Plateau, now owned by the Associated Tin Mines of Nigeria, which can be far more conveniently controlled from the Jugu centre. They promise to be areas of considerable value, at present giving an output of 12 to 15 tons a month, capable of being increased. Our engineers estimate that there are 1,000 tons of payable ore already disclosed, a reserve which is likely to be substantially enlarged by systematic drilling and pitting. The arrangement is to the advantage of both companies, and it will greatly add to the importance and strength of our company and to its permanent prosperity if these considerable areas are amalgamated with those we already possess to form one large undertaking. A purchase price of £50,000 has been agreed to as essentially a fair and moderate figure, to be satisfied by the allotment of 200,000 shares, fully paid, of this company.

Our nominal capital now stands at £175,000, our issued capital at £150,000. At the extraordinary general meeting to follow this meeting your approval will be invited for a resolution to increase the nominal capital of the company by £75,000 to £250,000. After the absorption of these new areas—if sanctioned by you to-day—has been completed, there will remain unissued shares to the par value of £50,000 in reserve for further working capital.

I beg formally to move: "That the report and accounts for the period ended February 29, 1928, be and they are hereby received and adopted."

Sir William D. Henry, Kt., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously in the absence of question or comment.

The retiring director, Mr. Louis Hardy, and the auditors, Messrs. Fitzpatrick Graham and Co., were re-elected.

At an extraordinary general meeting which followed, it was unanimously resolved to increase the capital of the company to £250,000 by the creation of 300,000 new shares of 5s. each. The proceedings then terminated.

AN INDIAN COMMENTARY

by

G. T. GARRATT (I.C.S., Retd.)

By 1930 the Simon Commission will have made its report, and the policy of the British Government will determine the future, not only of India, but of Asia. It must also profoundly affect the relations between the white and coloured races throughout the world. There has never been a time when a broad and tolerant understanding of Indian questions was more necessary. The author, who has served in the Indian Civil Service and also with the Indian Army, has had unusual opportunities for hearing and appreciating the views of educated Indians. This book is an attempt to present this intricate subject, clear of all propaganda, and to find a common basis upon which English and Indians can discuss the future

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V.P.

INSURANCE

SOME NEW IDEAS

BY D. CAMERON FORRESTER

A NEW plan of life assurance has recently been announced by the Standard Life, the policy-holders of which—it now being a mutual office—are entitled to have the entire profits distributed among themselves. In effect, the new scheme gives policy-holders what is virtually the advantage of low non-profit rates with the benefit of the profit arising from their own business. These new policies will participate annually in profits on lines similar to contracts under the regular reversionary bonus plan, subject to a necessary adjustment for the lower rate charged. The bonuses will be in the form of cash, but the main idea is that they will be applied each year to reduce the following year's premium, so that the amount payable will diminish annually. The policy-holder has several other options, however. He can elect to have his profits allotted in the form of (1) a non-participating addition to the principal sum assured; or (2) as a single cash payment; or (3) left to accumulate to the credit of the policy at compound interest. In the latter event the accumulated bonus and interest may be withdrawn at any time, or will be paid in full whenever the policy becomes a claim. Should he elect to have the annual bonus applied to reduce future premiums, the following are examples of the diminishing premium on a whole life-policy for £1,000, based on the present rate of bonus:

		Age 35.	Age 45.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Initial premium	21 2 6	30 4 2	
After 1 year	18 16 6	27 0 2	
After 10 years	17 2 6	24 19 2	
After 20 years	14 17 6	22 10 2	

Another very interesting development is the announcement by the old-established Equitable Life Assurance Society and the London Life Association—both non-commission offices, which employ no agents—of exceedingly low non-participating rates. Acting in concert in this matter only, both offices quote the same rates for life and endowment policies effected wholly for provident purposes, and not in connexion with loans, etc. How moderate the new rates are will be seen from the fact that the annual cost per £1,000 at age 30 next birthday is only £15 per annum.

The Confederation Life Association is another office which has revised its non-profit rates to a very low basis while granting liberal guaranteed surrender values. It also quotes remarkably low rates for "convertible term" contracts which may, under certain conditions, be made to carry not only participation in profits but double indemnity and total disability benefits. The rate for an ordinary non-participating five-year "term" policy—convertible to any other form of contract within four years—is only £7 16s. 7d. per annum at age 30 for £1,000 payable at death within the term, while for a ten-year term—convertible within seven years—it is £8 4s. 7d. per annum.

By the way, an interesting feature of convertible term policies issued by the Prudential is that all premiums paid for the "term" cover are credited in reduction of the future premiums on the new contract to which the "term" policy has been converted. For example, if an individual had paid, say, £75 in premiums over a five-year term and then converted to a fifteen-year endowment, he would receive a rebate of £5 per annum off the normal premium required for his new policy. He would, therefore, over the fifteen years, be remitted the whole original cost of his "term" life cover. I have taken a round figure for the sake of illustration, but whatever the cost of the term cover may be, it will be apportioned to reduce the new premium.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 349

(Last of our 25th Quarter)

(CLOSING DATE: First post, Thursday, November 29)

LADY AND GENTLEMAN: THESE TWO
IN 'PICKWICK PAPERS' DICKENS DREW.

1. Affright.—A household god is at its heart.
2. He bore the rods that made offenders smart,
3. And called them thus, those ensigns of his might.
4. They shoot the moon who this perform at night.
5. The customary prelude to a kiss.
6. Rule,—but the favourite you must dismiss.
7. A lion's whelp ascended from the prey.
8. Motive; the bond of union cut away.
9. From punishment we'll now release the maid.
10. Fie, Crusoe, fie! of me you were afraid.
11. "The human form divine?" Base imitation!
12. Can act his part right well in any station.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 347

DIVINES WHOSE NAMES ARE KNOWN TO EVERY WELL-READ BRITON;
THIS FIGURES IN A BOOK, OF THAT WHOLE BOOKS WERE WRITTEN,
FIELDING AND WILLIAM COOMBE, WITH ROWLANDSON THE LINGER,
PORTRAYED THIS NOBLE PAIR, WHOSE GLORY GROWS NO DIMMER.

1. World's wonder—in its heart's what some a tup would call.
2. From port in China (South) detach the Scotchman small.
3. A Jewess next curtail—high-minded, modest, meek.
4. With corset, flute, and harp of this I've heard men speak.
5. True, it invites to rest, but turn adrift that fellow.
6. *Blooms in our ponds and streams, its colour golden-yellow.
7. A famous Western lake in this succession's hidden.
8. Such were they found who to the marriage-feast were bidden.
9. "Behold him?" Nay, that crime would but begot another.
10. Much joy the poet felt, to see one of his mother.
11. A Northern group of stars, in which great VEGA glows.
12. Curtail a river that through hilly Devon flows.

* The Latin name, please!

Solution of Acrostic No. 347

Py	ram	iD ¹	1 In some parts of England a ram is
MacA		O ²	called a tup.
R	ebec	Ca ³	3 Mac is Gaelic for son.
S	ackbu	T ⁴	4 See Scott's <i>Ivanhoe</i> .
O	tt	Oman ⁵	5 "The cornet, flute, harp, sackbut,
N	upha	R ⁶	6 psalter, dulcimer, and all kinds of
S	erie	S ⁷	7 music." Dan. iii. 5. (R.V.)
U	nworth	Y ⁸	8 Nuphar luteum, the Yellow Water-
P	arso	N ⁹	9 lily.
P	ortrai	T ¹⁰	10 Matt. xxii. 8.
L	yr	A ¹¹	11 See Cowper's lines <i>On the Receipt</i>
E		Xe	of my Mother's Picture.

ACROSTIC No. 347.—The winner is Miss M. East, Lloyd's Bank House, Shipston-on-Stour, Worcestershire, who has selected as her prize 'Wellington,' by Oliver Brett, published by Heinemann, and reviewed by us on November 10 under the title 'The Iron Duke.' Forty-two other competitors chose this book, 22 named 'Undiscovered Australia,' 12 'The Angel that Troubled the Waters,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, M. de Burgh, Carlton, Ceyx, Challey, J. Chambers, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Mrs. Alice Crooke, D. L., Dhualt, Doric, Sir Reginald Egerton, C. W. S. Ellis, Ganesh, R. P. Graham, James Hall, G. H. Hammond, Hanworth, Iago, Jeff, Miss Kelly, Margaret, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. Euan Miller, N. O. Sellam, Ursula d'Ob, Peter, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Thora, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, A. R. Wheeler, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Wulfruna, Yendu, J. F. Maxwell.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Miss M. Allen, A. de V. Blathwayt, Miss Carter, Maud Crowther, Dolmar, E. G. H., Elizabeth, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, E. W. Fox, Glamis, Mrs. G. R. Halkett, Imp, Jop, John Lennie, Lilian, Madge, Met, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, F. C. Orpet, M. Overton, Rand, Remmap, W. Stone, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Terra, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—E. Barrett, Mrs. J. Butler, C. C. J. Crayke, W. P. James, Majolica, George W. Miller, Miss Moore, Quis.

LIGHT 6.—Both the White and the Yellow Water-lily are called Nénufar or Nénuphar in France. In England, Nénuphar seems to denote only the White Water-lily, *Nymphaea alba*. I asked for the Latin name, thus indicating Nuphar.

SISYPHUS.—Certainly not. Proving that a man never has been mistaken does not prove that he never will be mistaken.

JOP.—It is expressly stated (v. 22) that Saul and Jonathan had swords and spears. It is not said that the Israelites used plough-shares, mattocks, etc., as weapons, but only that, being deprived of smiths, they had to get the Philistines to sharpen their agricultural implements. (The statement in v. 21 is seemingly contradicted in v. 22, but the R.V. says "the Hebrew text is obscure.")



Maximum Life Assurance at the Minimum of Cost

To all who desire to provide the absolute maximum of life assurance protection for their dependants, or to make provision for Death Duties, etc., we issue, at minimum cost, life policies free from restrictions and carrying generous guaranteed surrender and paid-up values.

Compare the following premiums with those charged elsewhere:

SPECIMEN	RATES	PER	£1,000	ASSURED	ANNUAL
			PREMIUM		
Age			Whole Life		20 Payment Life
30	£16 1 7	...	£23 15 3
40	22 14 0	...	30 10 7
50	34 15 7	...	41 10 0

Convertible Term policies, which may be exchanged for any other form of contract within four or seven years, are also issued at much lower rates.

EXAMPLE

For £1,000 policy, payable at death within ten years, but convertible within seven years, the annual premium at age 30 is only £8 4s. 7d.

It will pay you to obtain particulars at YOUR age. Write to-day, using enquiry form.

COUPON

To G. T. VARNEY (Manager),
CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION,
Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

My age is....., and I can deposit £.....
annually. Please inform me—without obligation—what amount of Minimum Premium Policy this would secure.

Name

Address

Funds exceed £12,000,000. Est. 1871

"STANDARD" QUOTATIONS

No is well paid that is well satisfied.—*Shakespeare.*

A MAN of 25 by the payment of an annual sum of £21 6s. 8d., which by the rebate of income tax allowed by the Government is reduced to £19 4s., secures an immediate capital of £1,000, payable at his death. AND IN ADDITION at the present rate of annual compound bonus declared by

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, the bonus added to the policy each year exceeds the amount of annual premiums paid.

On the assumption that the present rebate of income-tax continues, and that the Standard bonus remains at 42s. per cent. annual and compound, the following remarkable results will obtain:

	Net cost.	Capital sum at death.
1st year	£19 4 0	£1,000 plus £21
10th year	£192 0 0	£1,000 plus £231
20th year	£384 0 0	£1,000 plus £515
30th year	£576 0 0	£1,000 plus £865

Thus, when death comes, the bonuses alone return more than has been paid in premiums, and the capital sum of £1,000 is payable in addition.

The holder of a With Profit Policy in the Standard is indeed well paid, and cannot fail to be well satisfied.

Write to-day for a copy of the "With Profit" Prospectus "AE14."

The STANDARD LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON ESTABLISHED 1825 DUBLIN
110 CANNON STREET E.C.4 59 DAWSON STREET
15a PALL MALL S.W.1

HEAD OFFICE 3 GEORGE STREET
EDINBURGH

CLARK'S BREAD COMPANY LIMITED

Founded 1887.

*Manufacturers of High-Class Bread and
Confectionery operating 18 Branches in
Brighton and Hove.*

CAPITAL

110,000 Shares of 10s. each
£55,000

There is also £100,000 5½% Debenture Stock, privately held, redeemable at par by the operation of a Cumulative Sinking Fund of ½%, commencing 1st January, 1930.

Application has been made for permission to deal on the Stock Exchange in the above.

110,000 Shares of 10s. each
at about 18s. 6d. per Share

Net Profits subject only to depreciation, Directors' Remuneration and Taxation, after making necessary adjustments, were for the years ended 31st December

1924	-	£20,982
1925	-	£18,920
1926	-	£20,390
1927	-	£21,337

an annual average of £20,407 which, after deducting Debenture Interest, Directors' Fees, General Manager's Remuneration, Depreciation, and Sundry Expenses, leaves a balance available for Dividend of £12,107, equivalent to 22% on the entire share Capital.

BANKERS:
WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED,
Church Road, Hove.

AUDITORS:
MELLORS, BASDEN & CO.,
73 Basinghall Street, London, E.C. 2

SOLICITORS:
ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO.,
17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C. 2

Further Particulars may be obtained on application to
Members of the Stock Exchange.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE outstanding feature on the London Stock Exchange of late has been the strength displayed by British funds, particularly the longer dated issues. In view of the monetary situation, this strength of Gilt-Edged stocks appears at first sight remarkable. It has been suggested that the rise was attributable to a tendency on the part of investors to withdraw their funds from speculative counters and reinvest them in Government securities. This very sound method of exchange may be going on to a small extent, but probably the rise in the Gilt-Edge market is due to window dressing in preparation for a further conversion operation which is believed to be imminent.

Elsewhere the markets have been influenced by forced liquidation. This has emanated from three different directions: speculators who have grown alarmed at the future trend of markets; underwriters who have been heavily left with certain recent issues; and forced sales as the result of the calling in of loans by banks. It is an amazing fact that annually, prior to the window dressing for bank balance sheets at the end of the year, Stock Exchange loans are invariably curtailed, with somewhat disastrous effects on the Stock markets. I submit that the banks who make a habit of adopting this procedure might, in the interests both of investors and the Stock Exchange, notify borrowers on arranging a loan that it would either be reduced or have to be repaid before the turn of the year. If this were done, it seems possible that we should be spared such debacles as have been experienced during the past week.

TURNER AND NEWALL

It is with satisfaction that I draw attention to the considerable increase in profits shown in the preliminary statement issued this week by Turner and Newall for the year ended September 30 last. The net trading profits subject to final audit before providing for depreciation and taxation amounted to £739,787, which compares with £551,083 for 1927 and £392,130 for 1926. When reference has been made to this Company in the past special attention has always been drawn to the conservative policy adopted by the directors; this policy is still being pursued: the various reserve funds are to receive an allocation of £286,505, and goodwill which appeared in last year's balance sheet at £250,000 is to be entirely eliminated. Ordinary shareholders are to receive a final dividend of 12½ per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year. This is an increase of 2½ per cent. as compared with last year's distribution, and the increased dividend is paid on an increased capital, as 202,986 new ordinary shares were issued last January at 47s. 6d. It certainly seems that shareholders would be well advised to retain their interest.

BRITISH CEMENT PRODUCTS

The report of the British Cement Products and Finance Co., Ltd., will, I understand, be issued this week-end. There is no doubt that it will disclose an exceptional increase in profits, compared with last year's figures, although in accordance with the conservative policy adopted by this group, the bulk of the increase will probably be placed to reserve. A further issue of shares to existing shareholders on bonus terms can also be looked for. Should there be any setback in price on the issue of this report the opportunity should not be missed of acquiring these shares.

RADIUM SPRINGS

An unusual and interesting issue is being made this week-end in connexion with Radium Springs Limited. An announcement will be found in this REVIEW to-day, and it will be seen that the Company has been formed to develop and extend the sale throughout the world of Radium Water and Medicinal and other preparations to be made from certain Radium deposits in Portugal. The Company is acquiring a Sanatorium with accommodation for about 120 guests.

UNITED PICTURES THEATRES

I have referred in these notes to the United Picture Theatres Limited. In this issue will be found particulars dealing with a further issue of 225,000 10% participating Preferred Ordinary shares of £1 each. The prospects of this company are favourable and its shares appear, in their class, a sound investment.

DAILY MAIL TRUST

The figures of the Daily Mail Trust for the year ended September 30 show that the Company has received £473,641 from dividends and interests on its investments. Ordinary shareholders are to receive a dividend of 3s. 6d. free of tax, which compares with 3s. paid last year, and in addition a sufficient sum is being appropriated from special reserve account to make the £1 ordinary shares fully paid up instead of 15s. as at present. The Daily Mail Trust is in a unique position as regards the "popular" Press. It holds a number of Associated Newspaper Deferred shares, which company owns the Daily Mail, the Evening News and the Sunday Dispatch. In addition, however, it holds a 49 per cent. interest in the Daily Express and the Evening Standard, so whether supporters of the principal paper in the Rothermere group are encouraged by reading that its daily circulation is closely approaching two million copies, or whether the Beaverbrook papers are conclusively proving that in the matter of circulation four is greater than five, the Daily Mail Trust benefits by virtue of its interest in both camps.

HENLYS (1928), LTD.

The craze for 1s. deferred shares which has been so marked a feature of the Stock Exchange during recent months, and to which reference has repeatedly been made in these notes, has led to some surprising anomalies in the price of preference shares, which had to be applied for to secure an allotment of the much coveted 1s. deferred share, and having been applied for have been sold at the earliest opportunity regardless of price. A striking example of this is afforded by the 7½ per cent. participating preference shares issued recently by Henlys (1928), Ltd. The prospectus disclosed the fact that these preference shares are well secured, the business is a sound one, and past profits were satisfactory. There seems to be no justification for these shares to be obtainable at a discount of something like 1s. 6d. a share, at which level they certainly appear very well worth picking up.

SAVOY HOTEL

Those who favour an investment in an hotel company should not overlook the attractions of the £1 Ordinary shares of the Savoy Hotel, Limited. This Company owns the Savoy Hotel, Savoy Court and Simpsons, which are freehold properties, and, in addition, Claridges Hotel on a lease expiring in 1999, and the Berkeley Hotel on a lease expiring in 1959. The profits for 1927 amounted to £166,700, a dividend of 10 per cent. being paid on the ordinary shares, although after deducting the amount required for preference interest, the surplus was equivalent to over 20 per cent. on the ordinary capital. The

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

RADIUM SPRINGS, LTD.

RADIO-ACTIVE WATERS

CAPITAL - - £500,000

DIVIDED INTO

**800,000 8% Participating Preferred Ordinary Shares of 10/- each and
2,000,000 Deferred Shares of 1/- each.**

The Subscription List will open on Monday, the 26th November, 1928, for an

ISSUE AT PAR

OF

**400,000 8% Participating Preferred Ordinary Shares of
10/- each and 400,000 Deferred Shares of 1/- each.**

DIRECTORS:

BERTRAM S. STRAUS, J.P. (Chairman, Virol, Ltd.), *Chairman.*

SIR BASIL CLARKE (Chairman and Governing Director Editorial Services, Ltd.).

S. C. MAGENNIS (Director, National Smelting Co., Ltd.).

ERNEST T. NEATHERCOAT, C.B.E., J.P. (Chairman, Savory & Moore (1928) Ltd.).

ALFRED ERNEST HOLT, J.P. (Chairman, Founders Trust & Investment Company, Ltd.).

The Prospectus will show:

1. The particular object of the Company is to develop and extend the sale throughout the world of Radium water and medicinal and other preparations to be made from Radium deposits.

2. The reports of eminent doctors constitute convincing proof that these Radio-active Waters have remarkable curative virtues. The Medical Officer of the district certifies that amongst local inhabitants cases of cancer and obesity are unknown. It is believed that the sale of this water will raise the standard of health wherever it is drunk.

3. RADIO-ACTIVE WATER HELPS TO ELIMINATE URIC ACID FROM THE SYSTEM, PREVENT AND CURE GOUT AND RHEUMATISM, PREVENT OBESITY, AND AS A TONIC FOR AND CLEANSER OF THE BLOOD AND SKIN, HELPS TO PREVENT HARDENING OF ARTERIES AND ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS, REJUVENATE THE SYSTEM, REMOVE THE ILL-EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL OR TOBACCO, PREVENT AND CURE NEURALGIA AND INSOMNIA, AND STIMULATE AND INVIGORATE THE HEART.

4. Well-known firms will market the products in Great Britain. Messrs. Savory & Moore, Ltd., have entered into a Contract to produce and distribute in Great Britain and elsewhere certain pharmaceutical preparations, including medicated Toilet Soaps and Bath Powders.

5. Profits are estimated at £50,000 for the first year, rising to £150,000 for the second year, and thereafter £275,000 per annum.

6. The Directors are aware of applications for 124,000 shares of each class, which will be allotted in full.

Copies of the Prospectus are available from—

BANKERS:

WESTMINSTER BANK LTD., 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2, and Branches.

MIDLAND BANK LTD., 5, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2, and Branches.

BROKERS:

CHARLES STANLEY & SONS, 29, Cornhill, London, E.C.3.

CLARK, PEACOCK & CO., 9, Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff.

And from

FOUNDERS TRUST AND INVESTMENT COMPANY, LTD.,

LINCOLN HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

net profits in each year are arrived at after providing interest on debenture stocks and mortgages outstanding, and after charging for sinking funds for redemption of mortgages. At the present price of the ordinary shares on last year's distribution a yield of just under 6 per cent. is shown. In view of the fact that earnings are more than double the amount distributed in dividends, that the financial position is sound, and that this year's profits are expected to show an improvement over those of 1927, Savoy Hotel ordinary shares appear to possess attractions as an investment at their present price.

CHARTERHOUSE TRUST

The Charterhouse Investment Trust report for the year ended November 11 shows that the net profit after charging all expenses amounts to £278,285. An interim dividend of 9d. per share was paid in May last and a final dividend of 1s. 3d. per share has now been declared. Shareholders can note with satisfaction that generous allocations have been placed to reserve, and in view of the fact that the Charterhouse Trust during the current year will presumably handle its latest acquisition, the well-known business of Freeman, Hardy and Willis, which should prove a transaction very beneficial to the Trust, shareholders would appear well advised to retain their interest.

FOSTER CLARK

In June of last year the business of Foster Clark, Ltd., manufacturers and proprietors of Eiffel Tower Lemonade, Cream Custard and other commodities of a similar nature, was converted into a public company: its report, also issued this week, is of more than passing interest. The net profit amounts to £152,128, which compares with £139,302 for 1927. The 10s. ordinary shares are to receive a final dividend of 15 per cent. and a bonus of 5 per cent., and, with the interim dividend already paid, makes the equivalent of 30 per cent. for the year.

BRITISH AND EUROPEAN TIMBER

The British and European Timber Trust, Ltd., certainly appears a progressive and promising business. With the object of financing the increased business that is being done by the Trust, certain unissued shares are being offered to shareholders in the form of rights. It seems that shareholders would be well advised to exercise their rights and take up their quota of new shares.

RECENIA R. SHAERF

In the flood of forced liquidation which Stock Markets have been subjected to recently, Recenia R. Shaerf, Limited, have been marked down to a level which the present position and future prospects of this concern does not warrant. The Company is engaged in the weaving and knitting of artificial silk fabrics and the making up of fabrics into garments. It is believed to be making excellent progress and dividend disbursements in the future should be of a satisfactory nature.

R. E. JONES

Shareholders in R. E. Jones, Ltd., should endeavour to attend the extraordinary meeting which has been convened for to-day and support their directors. Their proposal to form a representative committee which will have the power to choose a first-class firm of accountants to assist them is certainly one that shareholders should support in their own interests.

THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS

Attention is drawn to the reports of the meetings of the Low Temperature Carbonization, Juga Valley Tin, and Lena Goldfields which will be found in this issue.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

LENA GOLDFIELDS

DEVELOPMENT OF COMPANY'S PROPERTIES

IMPROVED CURRENT YEAR'S PROFITS

MR. GUEDALLA'S SPEECH

The FOURTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Lena Goldfields, Ltd., was held on November 17 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. Herbert Guedalla (the chairman) presided, and in the course of his speech, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:

The operations of the company during the period covered by the accounts were still in the stage of development, and, indeed, we may say the same to-day, but I am glad to inform you that from the figures received from Russia for the first six months of the current year it would look as if the profits are being more than maintained, and that the results of some of the new capital expenditure are beginning to show themselves. Personally, I think we should be quite satisfied with the results, when we take into consideration that these have been obtained during a period of what I might term intense reorganisation.

We have now worked in Russia for about three years, and whilst this period has been one of reorganisation and progressive development we have satisfied ourselves from our experience of working conditions that we are not only fully justified in having entered into our concession agreement in November, 1925, but also, for the purpose of properly developing our valuable properties, in entering into a much larger programme than was contemplated at that time.

We divide our concession into three large groups, viz., the Lenskoie Mines, the Copper and Iron Mines in the Ural district, and the enormous mining area in the Altai district. Taking first the Lenskoie Mines, we are concentrating now on our large dredging grounds, which cover a large area. According to engineers, we have already proved more than 110,000,000 cubic yards, with a gold content exceeding £8,000,000, and although this is not the limit of our dredging ground, it is sufficient to maintain the operation of four large dredges like our Bucyrus dredge for a period of fifteen years. We understand that the dredge is now floated and complete, but we are not anxious to try the new machinery out against ground which may be frozen hard, because such new plant should be tuned in gradually under as easy conditions as possible. Whilst we are waiting for the results of the working of this dredge, plans are being prepared for three somewhat smaller dredges. We fully appreciate the importance of obtaining a large gold production, and we shall relax no efforts in this direction.

ALTAI MINES

I now come to the third group in our concession, the right of working for a period of fifty years the old property belonging to the Altai Mines, Ltd., which covers about 15,500 square miles in the Altai district. During the current year, with the co-operation of the Deutsche Bank, we have placed orders for plant and equipment for the Zerianovsk Mine, where we have large reserves of ore already proved of what might be termed very rich quality. This plant and equipment should be completed in September, 1929, and we should obtain a certain amount of profit from working in that year. During 1930 the engineers estimate the production from this mine to be 9,000 tons of lead, 1,800 tons of copper, 900,000 ozs. of silver, and 16,000 ozs. of gold. There will also be a large tonnage of zinc.

I would venture my humble opinion for what it is worth that, properly equipped as they will now be, each group alone worked under the terms and conditions of this concession should be worth at least the whole of the issued capital of our company. In carrying out this development policy, pending other plans, we have had to seek outside assistance, and we very much value the co-operation of the Deutsche Bank, as such a serious institution would not have rendered financial assistance had they not been satisfied with our situation. We are financing this large capital expenditure for the most part on long-term credits, and although our management considers that these can be met in the future out of profits which this expenditure will earn, we are not satisfied with such a position and are evolving plans for introducing more capital into our business, so that the profits earned may be available for distribution amongst the shareholders, whose approval we shall have to obtain, and who will, of course, have an opportunity of participating should they so desire.

I think nothing could be more expressive of our harmonious relations with the Soviet Government than the fact that, whilst our undertaking is in a state of development, they have consented to stabilize their loan to us for a period of three years, and it is the experience of the treatment which we have received at their hands which induces us to look on our enterprise with every confidence in the future.

The report was unanimously adopted.



FINANCE

FOR THE BUILDING TRADES

Believing there are great possibilities for expansion of sound undertakings engaged in the manufacture of Building Materials, Machinery or Plant

**THE BRITISH CEMENT
PRODUCTS & FINANCE Co., Ltd.**

are at all times prepared to consider proposals for providing additional Capital for development.

Address all Enquiries to:

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR—

**THE BRITISH CEMENT PRODUCTS
& FINANCE CO., LTD.**

5, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

Company Meeting

LOW TEMPERATURE CARBONISATION

SUCCESS OF "COALITE" SMOKELESS FUEL

Contract With South Metropolitan Gas Company

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF Low Temperature Carbonisation, Limited, was held on the 19th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Sir Arthur Wheeler, Bt., D.L., J.P. (the chairman), presided. The Secretary (Mr. J. A. Goodwin, F.I.S.A.) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen,—Before dealing with the general position of the company and the progress made during the past year, I would like to direct your attention for a moment to a few points of interest in the accounts and balance-sheet. The Board decided to treat this first year of operation as part of the development period, and in this I think you will agree, as the works were not put into full operation until July, the last month of the accounting year.

There has, therefore, been placed on these accounts the burden of the full overhead charges, and also the cost of establishing the very considerable goodwill which the company now enjoys in the name "Coalite," and for which a very efficient sales organization has been established.

In addition, considerable expense has been incurred in connexion with the design and construction of several new works. Three of these have already been contracted for, and others are still in the negotiation stage, but in each case nothing has yet been taken into account in the assets.

In spite of these serious drawbacks, however, the financial position of the company has been considerably improved. As mentioned in the report sent you with the accounts, there has been a reduction in the issued amount of the Eight per Cent. Cumulative Income Debenture stock of £142,867, together with the 8 per cent. cumulative interest thereon. This has been effected by the conversion of such stock into Ordinary shares, and the terms of the exchange have provided a surplus of some £57,000, which your board have decided to utilize in writing off the whole of the development expenditure since the reconstruction of the company and a substantial amount of the cost of the plant at the Barugh works, although that plant is in perfect condition.

It will also be observed that the board have written off the investment in and advance to Tully Gas Plants (1927), Limited, amounting to £2,789. This investment was an obligation laid upon this company under the terms of the reconstruction scheme of 1926, but, as the Tully Gas Plants (1927), Limited, have not yet operated, the board consider it wiser to face the position now and wipe the amount off altogether.

The general position of the company's finances has therefore been greatly improved, even without taking anything into consideration for appreciation of goodwill, arising out of the very great progress that has been made both technically and commercially in connexion with the manufacture and marketing of the company's chief product, "Coalite."

I wish to make it clear that the process is undoubtedly a very profitable one, and a method of dealing with small coal that gives a far better return than any other known system. For example, we can buy to-day washed smalls for 9s. per ton at pit. The cost of labour at the works is under 3s. per ton. The total cost, including labour, upkeep, repairs, maintenance, general charges, administrative wages, insurance, carting, etc., is under 4s. per ton—call it 13s. per ton "all in." For the products, "Coalite," coal oil, and motor spirit, there will be received at to-day's prices just about double this figure, and that is without taking credit for anything for the gas. From each ton of coal we produce about 30 therms of gas, and at any plant working our process where the gas can be piped to a gas company, there would be a further profit of 2s. 6d. to 3s. per ton selling the rich gas at only 2d. per therm, as against 6d. or 7d. per therm charged by gas companies.

I wish to reiterate, I wish to emphasize, that we are producing "Coalite" and oils which are readily saleable at a price which leaves us a very substantial percentage of profit. That is no longer a debateable point.

With regard to the company's chief product, "Coalite" smokeless fuel, in this department I am in the happy position of being able to report progress of the most satisfactory and encouraging nature. It is impossible in the time at my disposal to describe even a tenth part of the really wonderful advance made in the last six months, but the following few facts will enable you to form some idea of the present position.

1. At the end of this month we shall have delivered just over 55,000 tons since the new works started. This represents approximately the carbonisation of 80,000 tons of coal.

2. The demand is so great that we cannot deal with any new distributors until the new works are in production, and we are having, greatly to our regret, to refuse orders amounting to thousands of tons.

3. We reached our maximum production and sold it all in July, the month in which the pessimists said nobody would want any.

4. Coal merchants and distributors, in many cases sceptical and lukewarm at the outset, are now our enthusiastic supporters.

We have many hundreds of active distributors all over the country, and could to-day dispose of our entire output several times over.

5. His Majesty's Office of Works have placed a large contract for "Coalite" for use in various Government Departments.

6. "Coalite" has been tried out on a large scale for use in ordinary anthracite stoves. The results show it to be equally, if not more, satisfactory, and much more economical. The whole output could to-day be sold for this purpose alone.

7. In every part of the country responsible opinion in the medical, municipal, and fuel worlds is acclaiming the triumph of low temperature carbonisation in producing a solid smokeless fuel capable of helping materially in the solution of the domestic smoke problem. That opinion is largely, almost entirely, based on the public experience of and demand for "Coalite" produced by the British Parker process. A booklet containing reprints of independent testimony from a large number of official sources is being prepared for the information of shareholders, and will shortly be available.

I think I have said enough to enable you to form your own conclusions as to the future of "Coalite." It is the considered opinion of the members of your board, and the many people associated with them in the distributing trade, that "Coalite" is now well established as the national smokeless fuel with almost unlimited prospects. You may rest assured that your company is taking all the necessary steps to meet this position and develop as rapidly as possible a productive and distributing organization capable of dealing with what we believe will prove to be a great national demand. I need scarcely point out that not a ton of "Coalite" can be sold in this or any other country for many years to come without paying tribute to this company.

In this connexion you will all, I feel sure, have read with satisfaction the announcement that the board of management of the South Metropolitan Gas Company have taken a licence to use our low temperature carbonisation process and will produce "Coalite" for London on a large scale from new plant to be erected at their Thames works site at West Greenwich. It needs no words from me to remind you of the commercial and scientific eminence of the board of management of this great company. Their action in making this contract with your company is regarded in the gas-making and coal industries as being of the utmost significance, and it is in our opinion bound to have a profound effect upon future development.

I cannot conclude without paying a tribute to the valuable help, far exceeding our anticipations, which has been rendered to your company by our managing director, Colonel Bristow. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, he has changed completely the picture before us. Granting him normal health, we can look forward, under his management, to a great future. (Cheers.)

I now move:—"That the report of the directors and the audited accounts for the period ended July 31, 1928, be and are hereby adopted." I will ask Mr. Langham Reed to second that motion.

Mr. H. Langham Reed seconded the motion, and, the Chairman having replied to some questions, it was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

Colonel W. A. Bristow, M.I.E.E., M.I.A.E., F.R.A.E.S., the Managing Director, said that the report of H.M. Inspector of Mines for the year 1927 remarked: "A low temperature plant is to be erected at the Askern Main Colliery, and it is in the direction of increasing the value of the mine product that the salvation of the industry lies."

It was the first time that he (the speaker) ever remembered a Government report referring to one special private enterprise such as they were conducting, and alluding to it as being possibly the only salvation of a very great industry. It was a matter of regret at the moment that the capital available in the coal industry for development was on the short side; but for that fact the Board was now in a position to announce the conclusion of several further contracts for the erection of plant at collieries.

There was, however, evidence that that state of things had passed, and he would not be at all surprised if, long before the next meeting, there were several of the Company's plants established at some of the largest collieries in the country.

The position in regard to oil was very much better than a year ago, in view of the rebate of 4d. per gallon on all motor fuel produced from home-made oils. They were erecting at Barugh, near Barnsley, the most modern petrol plant in the country, and their revenue from the petrol—which was superior to any sold in the country to-day—would be more than doubled as soon as the new plant got going.

As far as Coalite was concerned, they might regard their works at Barugh as the lever by which they were going to open up the whole of the world for the sale of Coalite and smokeless fuel generally. Coalite was accepted everywhere as being the greatest smokeless fuel in the world, and the enormous number of orders the Company was now receiving was causing them the utmost embarrassment.

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